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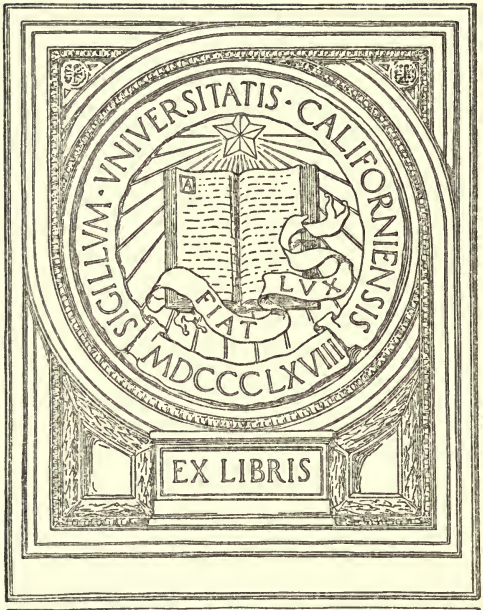
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POEMS,

BY

MRS. MARY NOEL McDONALD.

"To me, the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

WORDSWORTH.

NEW-YORK:

1844.

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A volume like the present, whose circulation it was supposed would be a limited one, seems scarcely to require an introduction: but, having met with a success which has far exceeded the writer's expectations, she deems it proper to state, that many of the pieces have previously appeared in the periodicals of the day, and are now for the first time collected. They have not been arranged in the order of their dates, but in accordance with their subjects — those at the close of the volume being the productions of earlier years.

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CALIFORNIA

THE EMIGRANT'S SABBATH DAY.

THE morning breaketh, and the sacred day,
JEHOVAH'S Sabbath, calls each heart to pray;
A deeper hush the universe pervades;
A softer whisp'ring fills the forest shades;
The streams go murmuring with a gentler flow,
And sweeter breezes fan the vales below;
Birds trill their notes, to fancy's ear less gay,
In blest accordance with the sacred day;

TO VIAU
ANIGOTIJAO

While flowers send up their incense thro' the dews
To Him who robed them in their varied hues,
Who filled each bell with fragrance, gave each bud
A richer dye, or some abundant good,
And strewed them, gemlike, o'er the smiling land,
Marks of his love, and wonders of his hand.
Now on the breeze, from verdant valleys swell
The distant echoes of the Sabbath bell;
To the rapt ear, as they were voiced from heaven,
The mellow tones harmoniously are given;
To humble fanes the villagers repair,
Bow down the heart, and bend the knee in prayer,
And hear from lips revered the message high
Of Him who governs all immensity.

But turn awhile to other scenes than these—
Lo! 'neath the shelter of umbrageous trees,
Within some forest of the western wilds,
In sweet seclusion, a rude cabin smiles.
A little band, from regions far away,
Here find a home—and happy children play
On the green sward, as careless and as free,
As summer birds that build on every tree.

Now breaks the day of rest — his labour done,
Gladly the exile greets the coming sun.
Hush'd every sound, the heavy axe is still,
Nor waken'd echo haunts the wooded hill.
'Tis silent all — the blue o'er-arching sky
Scarce answers to the wild birds' melody;
Within the forest glades the dappled deer
Roams undisturbed, nor dreams of danger near;
All is so peaceful, beautiful, and still,
He quaffs the stream without a thought of ill,
Forgets the hunter's rifle flashing nigh,
Nor turns, with quivering ear, to start and fly.

The sun rides on, — beside their cabin door,
Within the tree's deep shadow — arching o'er
Its branching arms, to shelter from the heat
The lowly roof and the green mossy seat —
The emigrants repose; — to them the day
Passes serenely, ling'ringly away.
Mem'ry retraces happier hours gone by,
Dwells on past joys, with retrospective eye,
Which thro' the lengthen'd vista brightly glow,
With rainbow light, the *future* cannot know.

Vainly, alas! they strain the anxious ear
The Sabbath bell's sweet harmony to hear —
No sacred temple, 'neath their glorious sky,
Points its tall spire, to lift the thoughts on high;
No voice proclaims the Gospel message blest,
Nor Christian worship marks the day of rest.
The mother, with a babe upon her knee,
Lulls its complaint with some low melody,
Musing, with eye half-dimm'd by gathering tears,
On the lov'd scenes of earlier, happier years,
In fancy seeks the village church again,
Joins in the prayer, and lifts the hallow'd strain,
Sings the sweet hymns she learned in childhood's day,
With friends beloved, in places far away.

The father, while his children cluster round,
Opens God's book, with reverence profound,
And reads some sacred story of the past,
Of him upon the Nile's dark waters cast,
A helpless babe, till she of high degree,
Proud Pharaoh's daughter, chanc'd the ark to see;
Of him, the shepherd boy, whose single blow
Brought great Goliah's boasted prowess low;

Of youthful Samuel, early call'd to be
The chosen servant of the Deity;
Or where angelic hosts at night proclaim
The infant Saviour born in Bethlehem;
And as they listen still with fixed eye,
Traces the rugged path to Calvary,
Binds on the sinless brow the thorny crown,
Marks the dark stream of blood come flowing down,
Hears the last cry, sees how the rocks are riven,
Till parting clouds convey Him back to heaven,
Then shuts the holy volume to exclaim,
"My little flock, for *you* the Saviour came."

Eve brings its shadows, — all the western sky
Is hung with sunset's gorgeous drapery
Of gold and crimson — where the wearied sun
Spreads his rich couch, the day's long journey done.
The air is freshen'd, and the silver dew
Falls silently upon the violet's tender blue,
Softening its beauty — and the fair wild rose
Droops its young head, like childhood to repose.
The birds have sought their shelter; — each soft nest
Hides a wing'd rover, as on downy breast,

And head close crouched beneath its feathery dress,
The wind-rock'd cradle soothes its weariness.
The twilight deepens — in the welkin blue,
A few pale stars are glimmering faintly through —
Night's sentinels. But hark! what voices raise,
Within the forest depths, the hymn of praise?
'Tis childhood's melody, in sweet accord
Breaks forth the simple lay of hallow'd word,
And when the trembling notes almost expire,
A mother's tongue assists the timorous choir.

They cease — and borne upon the summer air,
Come the firm tones of pure and earnest prayer.
In solitary wilds that household band
Kneel to the God of nations — he whose hand
Hath guided safely thro' the parted day
Their pilgrim footsteps, in the narrow way.
They pray for home and friends, the dear ones bending,
Perchance for *them* when twilight shades are blending,
Before the mercy seat — but oh! the prayer
More fervently ascends, when pleading there
For the pure light of heavenly truth, to bless
Their lonely home within the wilderness.

They ask, that yet, amid the forests dim,
May echo holy psalm, and pealing hymn;
That once again, ere life's short day is gone,
Their ears may list the Gospel's cheering tone,
Proclaim'd by one commission'd from on high,
To speak the message of the Deity.
And when the day is past, and night's dark pall
Is spread o'er earth, — while stars a festival
Are keeping in their high and holy home,
And soft on human lids sweet slumbers come,
The exiles rest, to greet in pleasant dreams
Their native vales, green woods, and shining streams,
Forgetful of the weary leagues that spread
Between them and the land they long to tread.

Go forth, ye heralds — may the Gospel's voice
Soon bid the lonely wilderness rejoice.
Tho' friends and home the emigrant has left,
Still let him feel as not of *all* bereft;
Bear to his ear, with all their thrilling power,
The strains he learned to love in childhood's hour,
The prayers which taught his youthful heart to rise
On faith's unfailing pinion to the skies;

Spread the lov'd feast, and to the sacred board
Invite each trembling servant of the LORD;
Seal with baptismal water infant brows;
Join plighted hands, and sanction nuptial vows;
Beside the bed of death speak words of peace,
And soothe the spirit waiting its release;
And when the last dark conflict shall be o'er,
When sin and sorrow pain the soul no more,
Then lay the form in dust with solemn prayer,
And consecrate the ashes slumb'ring there.

THE HEAVENS.

"The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy-work."

Is it not glorious — the arch of blue
Spread out above us by our Maker's hand?
The mighty dome a heaven-built temple knew,
When springing forth at God's all-wise command;
How it doth stretch away o'er sea and land,
Unpillared — since the hour His mandate clear
Fixed its unmeasured limit, thus to stand
Till the last trump shall burst upon the ear,
And nations wake from death, their final doom to hear!

'Tis morn, the gates of light are opened wide —
See from the orient comes the god of day!
He mounts his dazzling chariot to ride,
Like a proud monarch, his appointed way:
Onward he journeys, till his noontide ray
Pierces each leafy screen, each wooded dell,
Then westward rolling, pass the heats away;
And when chimes clearly out the vesper bell,
'Mid clouds of gorgeous hue, he bids the world farewell.

Night curtains earth again, each weary child
Of frail mortality it calls to rest;
And now the moon's pale crescent undefiled,
Hangs like a silver boat in the cool west;
Or, older waxing, pours her radiance blest,
Where city streets lie silent 'neath her beams,
Robing all nature in her spotless vest,
And mirrored in a thousand mighty streams,
And lighting ocean's foam, and on the white sail gleams.

Nor cometh she alone — the stars are there,
Those flaming jewels set by God on high;

Transient but beautiful, the meteor's glare
Lights for a moment the uplifted eye;
Orion and the Pleiades are nigh,
The Polar Star unwearied, and with them
The day's bright herald, as the night lays by
The regal splendors of her diadem,
And lost in greater glory, fades each radiant gem.

But more, look up once more, and trembling see
The clouds unfurl their banners in the sky:
Loud rolls the thunder's dread artillery,
And swift and fierce the winged lightnings fly;
Veil, mortal, veil thy terror-stricken eye,
Jehovah speaks to listening man below;
And now the blast is spent, the storm gone by,
The sun shines forth triumphantly, and lo!
The darkest cloud is spanned by the bright promise-bow!

The heavens declare thy glory — in his might
The sun tells out thy praise from day to day —
The stars, the myriad stars, at noon of night,
Sing as they keep their fixed, unerring way;

Silent they seem to man — but oh! each ray
Is vocal with creation's choral hymn —
Far rolling orbs take up the rapturous lay,
And distant planets, vast, obscure and dim,
Swell the loud anthem, clear as white-robed seraphim.

The heavens declare thy glory — who can gaze,
Almighty Father! on that azure sea,
With all its countless barks of light, yet raise
Nor voice nor grateful tribute unto thee?
Thine are the dazzling worlds of light we see,
And each their Maker's majesty proclaim,
Burn in their orbits by thy sure decree,
And write thy power in characters of flame,
Meet page, Eternal God! to bear thy glorious name.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

"The shadows of death o'er my path have been sweeping,
There are those who have loved me, debarred from the day;
The green turf is bright where in peace they are sleeping,
And on wings of remembrance my soul is away.
'Tis shut to the glow of this present existence,
It hears from the past a funereal strain,
And eagerly turns to the high-seeming distance,
Where the last blooms of earth will be garnered again."

WILLIS G. CLARK.

Come to my heart again, ye long departed,
Come, fill the vacant places at our hearth;
Vainly for you the bitter tears have started,
Since ye forsook for heaven the haunts of earth.
Vainly, ye lost, we yearn for your caressing,
And ask the tender tones which once we heard;
On the still air there comes no whispered blessing,
Mute is each lip, and lost each loving word.

Come once again, there is a shadow o'er us,
Earth seems a weary land since ye are gone,
Dim is the lengthened pathway spread before us,
And distant far the goal which ye have won:
Vainly the spring-time, in its bloom returning,
Wakes the young buds, and clothes the earth anew;
Unto our hearts, with quenchless love still burning,
What, what avails its beauty, 'reft of you!

Thou, the dear friend of girlhood, memory traces
Full many an hour of gladness linked with thee,
And in thy children's fair and gentle faces,
Some loved resemblance of thyself may see.
Thou, the kind guardian of my childhood's hours,
My guide in youth, thine absence I deplore;
See the dark cloud that on her pathway lowers,
Come to thy child, and be her shield once more.

And thou, the best and dearest, words can never
Speak the keen anguish of my stricken breast;
'Twas but our *summer* day — how soon to sever
The sacred bond which made our life so blest.

The past, the past, 'tis robed in hues of brightness,
Its records tell of years how full of bliss,
When my young spirit in its joy and lightness,
Dreamed not of such a fearful woe as this.

Dost thou still love me in that far-off heaven?
Or art thou near me on thy spirit wings?
Beloved, beloved, I cannot deem it riven,
That holy tie to which my heart yet clings:
Hast thou not seen the tears, which, like a river,
Swelled to the flood-gates of my breaking heart?
O say not thou art lost to me for ever —
We have been linked too fondly, thus to part.

Come, come to bless me, with thine eyes kind beaming,
Let thy loved voice upon my fond ears thrill;
Come, with the light of heaven around thee streaming,
Come to the heart that weeps thee, loves thee still.
Ay! in its inmost core with sorrow breaking,
Still does that love with quenchless ardor burn;
While a sad voice within its depths awaking,
Hath but one echo, "O return, return."

Hark! on mine ear seraphic notes are ringing!
Your voices, loved ones, mingle in the lay;
Ye join the hymns which angel choirs are singing,
But, 'mid your songs, methinks I hear you say, —
"There is no darkness here, the clouds are riven,
The veil is lifted from our earthly eyes;
Would'st thou recall us from the light of heaven,
And all the ceaseless joys of Paradise?"

No! no! let mortal vision greet ye never;
Silence thy yearning, O repining heart!
Bliss, bliss unending, ye have gained for ever,
No more in earthly sorrow to have part;
Joy for the free and blessed! all unheeding
The world, its fleeting pleasures or its care;
Onward my soul, be then thine eager speeding,
To those pure realms, and join thy lost ones there.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

"For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my Troth."

MARRIAGE SERVICE OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Speak it not lightly — 'tis a holy thing,
A bond enduring through long distant years,
When joy o'er thine abode is hovering,
Or when thine eye is wet with bitterest tears,
Recorded by an angel's pen on high,
And must be questioned in Eternity.

Speak it not lightly — though the young and gay
Are thronging round thee now with tones of mirth,
Let not the holy promise of to-day
Fade like the clouds that with the morn have birth,
But ever bright and sacred may it be,
Stored in the treasure-cell of memory.

Life may not prove all sunshine — there will come
Dark hours for all: O will ye, when the night
Of sorrow gathers thickly round your home,
Love as ye did, in time when calm and bright
Seemed the sure path ye trod, untouched by care,
And deemed the future, like the present, fair?

Eyes that now beam with health may yet grow dim,
And cheeks of rose forget their early glow;
Languor and pain assail each active limb,
And lay perchance some worshipped beauty low;
Then will ye gaze upon the altered brow,
And love as fondly, faithfully, as now?

Should fortune frown on your defenceless head,
Should storms o'ertake your barque on life's dark sea;
Fierce tempests rend the sail so gayly spread,
When Hope her syren strain sang joyously —
Will ye look up, though clouds your sky o'ercast,
And say, "*together* we will bide the blast?"

Age with its silvery locks comes stealing on,
And brings the tottering step, the furrowed cheek,
The eye from whence each lustrous gleam hath gone,
And the pale lip, with accents low and weak —
Will ye then think upon your life's gay prime,
And smiling, bid Love triumph over Time?

Speak it not lightly — O beware, beware!
'Tis no vain promise, no unmeaning word —
Lo, men and angels list the faith ye swear,
And by the High and Holy One 'tis heard:
O then kneel humbly at his altar now,
And pray for grace to keep your marriage vow.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

I.

Go forth with Nature — she hath many voices,
Speaking deep lessons to the human heart,
Where the blue streamlet in its course rejoices,
And where amid the forest wild birds dart,
Bearing in some sweet chorus each a part;
Wind, wave and blossom, tree and fragrant sod,
The mossy hillock in its robe of green,
The tiny bells that in the breezes nod,
Lifting their dewy heads, broad leaves between —

Each has a tone, a lesson; man hath need
Oft to go forth and ponder all their lore:
In Nature's open volume he may read
Truths of the mightiest import, and in awe
Bow down an humble heart, an unseen power adore.

II.

Go to the ocean, when its giant waves
Are lashed to fury in the tempest's hour,
And while each tortured billow madly raves,
Learn thou the LORD JEHOVAH's might and power;
Then turn thee to the little modest flower,
That blooms unnoticed 'mid the gay and fair,
Or gives its bright cheek to the summer shower,
And read His watchful love and goodness there.
The lilies of the field are still His care,
And He who fixed the rolling worlds on high,
And spread above the broad blue arch of heaven,
And clothes it with the gorgeous hues of even,
Looks on the meanest worm with guardian eye,
And marks the sparrow's fall, and heeds the raven's cry.

III.

Go trace the waters of the sparkling rill,
From out their rocky birthplace wildly gushing,
Trickling in infant beauty from the hill,
Or in the sun with diamond lustre flushing:
Now gliding onward for awhile serene,
Now, twisted roots and vexing rocks between,
Then dashing on, with fiercer, wilder force,
And swifter race along their destined course,
To mingle with the ocean waves at last;
And such is Life — its Childhood's fount so fair,
Its Youth's gay morn so joyous and so free,
Its Manhood's hour of fearful strife and care —
Its Age of rapid flight so quickly past —
'Till lost amid thy depths, Eternity.

IV.

Go in the spring-time — when the smiling earth
Puts on her robes of beauty for thine eye,
And lo, she speaks of that celestial birth
The Spirit knows in brighter worlds on high:

And when the Autumn winds all mournful sigh
Through leafless branches, then go forth and store
Thy mind with thoughts of death, and read once more
The lesson of thine own mortality.
Ay, wander forth with Nature, every glade,
Each leafy aisle amid the forest's shade —
The lightning's flash — the thunder's awful roll —
The rainbow's arch — the dazzling orb of day —
The silent moon upon her pathless way —
All have mysterious tones to pierce the human soul.

THE DYING BOY.

'Twas early summer, pleasant June had come,
Flinging her coronals on every bough,
And from the soft southwest, with perfume rife,
The light-winged zephyrs wooed the coy young flowers.
The brooks like playful children babbled on,
Loosed from their icy bondage, and the birds,
Nature's unwearied choir, tuned their clear notes,
And in the wild-wood shades held revelry.
Earth wore her robes of light and loveliness;
There were no clouds athwart the deep blue heaven,

Naught that might tell of darkness or decay:
But in a cottage home, where the green vines
Clambered about the casement, and the sun
Peeped stealthily amid the clustering boughs,
And the red rose gave her sweet odors forth —
There Sorrow sat, and claimed her heritage
In human hearts.

Upon his lowly couch
Lay like a broken lily, a fair child
Just numbering then his tenth bright summer.
His clasped hands were white as braided snow-wreaths,
And his silken hair, once waving lightly
In the summer's breath, now wet with death dews,
Fell all heavily on his pure forehead.
There was no rose-teint on his wasted cheek,
It seemed like Parian marble — and his eye,
The lid half drawn, shone faintly, as a star
'Mid parting clouds.

Beside him leaned, heart-sick
With hope deferred, and worn with ceaseless vigils,
She who had borne him. There was much that told

Of patient suffering in her pallid face,
For she had struggled earnestly, till faith
Could spread its eagle pinions and soar up,
From the cold bed where she must lay her boy,
To his bright spirit-home. Oh, only they
Who with a mother's speechless agony,
Have watched the life-blood ebb, and the young cheek
Grow pale ; counted each feeble pulse, and seen
The full round limbs shrink in undue proportion —
Only they, can tell a mother's sorrow,
And may own, how hard to bow submissively,
And say, " Thy will be done."

Hush ! he is waking,
The dim eyes re-open, and the white lips,
Long sealed as though in death, find utterance.
She had thought he slept, but when he turned
Those soft dark orbs to hers, she saw that tears
Were on their silken fringe, and o'er his face
Passed a deep shade of gloom. " Mother," he said,
And the faint tones were tremulous with grief,
" Mother, I know how soon the time will come
When I must die ; and as I lay but now,

And thought of the sweet spring and summer days
Which, each revolving year, make the green earth
So beautiful, and how they all would pass
Over my grave, and I should see them not —
I thought how sad it were to be forgotten.
Will it be so, dear mother? I would care
But little if all others should forget;
But I was thinking, that you too, perhaps,
When you grew older, and your tears were dried,
And I had slumbered long, you might forget
The timid boy who wandered by your side
In the sweet garden paths at close of day,
Or gathered wild flowers in the shady nooks
Of the old pasture meadow; he who knelt
Each morn and eve, to lisp his childish prayers
Low at your knee, and grasped your gentle hand,
When the clear Sabbath bells rang joyously,
To seek our heavenly Father's hallowed house;
You might forget the hour when he was wont
To come with bounding step and gleesome call,
From his wood rambles to your open arms.
Will it be so, dear mother? Must I die,
And you forget your child?"

She pressed her lips
On his cold forehead, and her burning tears
Fell fast with his: but when the first keen pang
Was past, she nerved herself to comfort him,
And told him, in her heart were images,
And gentle names of loved and lost, which ne'er
Could fade from her remembrance, and that he
Would ever live among the brightest there,
'Till death should bear her to his arms in heaven.

AN OLD MAN'S REMINISCENCE.

The writer's grandfather, an old Revolutionary officer, now on the verge of ninety-two, paid a visit several years since to a house in the city of Albany, in which, more than half a century before, he had been married. The touching narration of his feelings, as he stood in that time-worn apartment, suggested the following lines.

An old man stood in a serious mood, within an ancient room,
And o'er his features gathered fast, a shade of deepest gloom,
While to his eye, bedimmed with age, came up the gushing tears,
As memory from her hidden caves, recalled long buried years.

What were his thoughts that hour, which thus awakened
many a sigh;
And brought the shadow o'er his brow, the moisture
to his eye?
What, in that old familiar place, had power to touch
his heart?
To call that cloud of sorrow up, and bid that tear-drop
start?

The past! — the past! — how rolled the tide of Time's
swift river back,
While the bright rays of Youth and Love shed lustre
on its track:
Full fifty summer suns had shone, since on that silent
spot,
Had passed a scene, while life was left, could never be
forgot.

There had the holiest tie been formed, the marriage
vow been given,
And she who spoke it then with him, was now a saint
in heaven:
But long, long intervening years, seemed like an idle
dream,
As o'er his soul with glowing light, came that bright
vision-gleam.

He stood before the holy man, with her, his youthful bride,
And spoke again the plighting word, that bound him to her side;
Again he clasped the small fair hand that hour had made his own, —
The vision faded — and he stood all desolate — alone.

His youthful brow is silvered o'er with fourscore winter snows;
The faltering step, the furrowed cheek, tell of life's certain close:
The plighted bride, the faithful wife, beloved so long, so true,
Now sleeps beneath the burial sod, where spring the wild flowers blue.

There is no music in his home — no light around his hearth,
The childish forms that frolicked there, have passed with all their mirth;
Years have rolled by, the changing years, and now he stands alone,
Musing upon the past — the past — hopes faded, loved ones gone.

Yet, aged pilgrim, dry the tear, suppress the rising sigh,
Look upward, onward, to the scenes of immortality;
Fleet be the moments, if they bear in their resistless flight,
The spirit on to that pure world of blessedness and light.

There are thy loved ones gathered safe, in beauty side by side,
And there the partner of thy life, thy manhood's gentle bride;
Fair as she stood in that bright hour, this day recalled to mind,
A little season gone before, a better rest to find;
And thou, when death shall close thine eye, in heaven that rest will share,
And find the tie once broken here, indissoluble there.

THE SPIRIT'S WHISPER.

She is an angel now!
Weep not, dear friend, that ere the rust of time
Had gathered o'er thy bright and priceless gem,
A hand Divine hath riven the casket fair,
And placed thy radiant jewel in the skies,
To shine for ever in the Saviour's crown.
Do thy thoughts cling to earth? O, bid them rise
On faith's strong wing, and in the spirit-land
Behold thy lost one. See! her brow is lit
With loveliness immortal. There, no tears

Shall dim her beauty, and no weary sighs
Fill her young bosom with their heaviness ;
For in that world of bliss, pain cannot enter —
Sorrow is unknown — and O, blest bliss of all!
They never *part* in heaven.

Dost thou catch
The gentle whisper of that angel voice?
Methinks the air is stirred with viewless plumes
That quiver round us ; while unto mine ear
There comes a strain, like music heard in dreams,
Or, soft and low, as an Æolian lyre,
And this the burden of its melody :

Sweet mother, do not weep!
The joy of sainted spirits now is mine ;
I roam the fields of light, with those who keep
Bright watch, where heaven's own golden portals shine.

I am the babe no more,
Who gave its feeble wailing to thine ear ;
Free from the cumbering clay, I mount, I soar,
Upward and onward, through a boundless sphere!

O, could'st thou know how fair,
How full of blessedness this better land,
Thou would'st rejoice, thy child in safety there,
Had place for ever 'mid the angel band.

I may not tell thee all
Its light and loveliness; its hymns of joy
Upon a mortal ear may never fall,
And tongues immortal can alone employ:

But O, 'tis sweet to be
A sinless dweller 'mid its radiant bowers;
To join its seraph-songs of harmony —
To breathe the incense of its fadeless flowers —

To dwell no more with pain —
To shed no tears — to feel no panting breath —
Sweet mother, do not grieve for me again,
I am so blest; I bless the hand of death.

Turn with unwavering trust
From the green earth-bed, where my body lies;
Thou did'st but lay its covering in the dust,
Thy child yet lives, will live, beyond the skies.

There we shall meet again:
O yes! believe it, meet to part no more!
I'll welcome thee with heaven's angelic train,
And lead thee to the Saviour we adore.

THE PROMISED LAND.

"They thought scorn of that pleasant land, and gave no credence unto his word."

Scorn of that pleasant land!
That place of crystal founts, and palmy shade:
Where the vine tendrils in the soft air played,
By wandering zephyrs fanned —
Where cooling waters, 'mid the verdant hills,
Gushed in a thousand rills.

That land of sunny skies —
Of flowers and fruits luxuriant; where the bee
On tireless wing to every balmy tree
Seeking its nectar, hies.
That land of corn and wine, that place of rest
The dews of heaven had blessed!

Turned they once more to thee,
Oppressing Egypt? asked they yet again
The tyrant's heavy yoke, the galling chain
Of bitter slavery?
The life of bondsmen, and their nameless graves,
Meet sepulture for slaves!

Had they forgotten now
The heavenly manna from the hand of God?
The Rock, from whence the Prophet's smiting rod
Bade the clear waters flow?
The cloud-wrapt height of Sinai, when His word
That trembling Prophet heard?

And did they doubt the hand
That led them safely through the parted sea?
And could they ask a surer guide than He
Unto the Promised Land?
He, who the fiery pillar reared to bless
In the dark wilderness?

Read thou thyself, O man!
In their eventful story — far away
Lies the fair region of eternal day;

Yet through thy little span,
Thou would'st resign a world with glory rife,
For the short dream of life.

Too often thou dost turn,
Like them of old, from Canaan's heavenly shore,
And seek the grovelling joys of earth once more,
And where her altars burn
Bow down in homage, yielding unto dust
Thy heart's unholy trust.

Thou, too, dost turn away
From the bright goal before thee, and pursue
Some fleeting shadow, that must cheat thy view;
Some idol, which decay
Must stamp with ruin, till the light
Of heaven eludes thy sight.

THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

'Twas summer eve, the rosy light
  Had faded from the sky,
And stars came twinkling pure and bright,
  Through the blue arch on high:
The western breezes softly stole
  To kiss the sleeping flower,
And kindly, o'er the wearied earth,
  Came evening's peaceful hour.

There sat, within a quiet room,
A mother, young and fair,
And close beside her knee, there knelt
A cherub boy in prayer:
For every living thing he loves,
That prayer ascends to heaven,
While for himself, he humbly asks
Each sin may be forgiven.

And oft, in after years, when care
Shall bow his spirit down,
And the world, the cold, unfeeling world,
Shall meet him with a frown;
Or when, allured from virtue's path,
He treads a dangerous way,
O, he will turn to this blest hour,
When first he knelt to pray.

And the kind hand, which then was laid
Upon his silken hair,
And the soft voice, which taught him first
His simple words of prayer —

Will come again, with thrilling power,
To still his pulses wild,
And lure him back in that dark hour,
Once more in heart, a child.

'Tis o'er — the last "good night," is said —
The last fond kiss is given —
But rises not that childish prayer
To Him who dwells in heaven?
Will not His ear give heed as soon
Unto an infant's cry,
As when a seraph bows the knee
Before His throne on high?

Yes, He who marks the sparrow's fall —
Who feeds the raven's young —
Will listen to the simple words
Lisped by an infant tongue;
And thou, blest mother, teach thy child
Early to kneel and pray,
'Twill prove a beacon of the past,
To light his future way.

TO A CITY PIGEON.

And thou hast wings to bear thee far away,
  Over bright fields, and to the tree-tops high;
And yet thou art content with us to stay,
  'Mid heat and turmoil 'neath our sultry sky.
Bird, hast thou no desire to wander free?
  No wish to taste the fresh, pure summer air?
Where greenwood songsters fill the swaying tree,
  Would'st thou not speed thee, all their mirth to share?
Stooping by some clear fount to lave thy breast,
And smooth thy plumage soft, ere flitting to thy nest?

What have the haunts of men to tempt thy stay ?
Here are no forests waving in the breeze !
No leafy bowers, where fragrant zephyrs play :
Within our city bounds we know not these ;
Here, there is toil, and care, and bustling strife —
How can'st thou linger with us, bird, so long ?
Why in thy noisome air wear out thy life ?
Fly to the woodland — build its bowers among ;
Make thee a home amid the fresh green leaves —
Quit for at least awhile, these dull and heated eaves.

Had I the pinions folded by thy side,
Thy glossy feathers, and the power to spring
Upon the air, and stretch them far and wide,
How quickly would I mount on swiftest wing :
Resting at noonday in some cool retreat,
The abode of birds, and where the wild flowers lie
Bent only by the hare's adventurous feet,
And only gazed on by the fawn's soft eye :
Where streams o'er pebbly beds are murmuring low,
Thither I'd bear me on, their music sweet to know.

I'd fly where'er my fancy led the way,
Far from the noise and discord reigning here;
Light on green lawns, where leafy shadows play,
And drink from bubbling fountains bright and clear:
Seek out the scented violet's mossy bed,
Hid from the sunbeam by a clustering vine;
I'd know each bank with daisies overspread,
And at the cottage porch, where wild brier's twine,
There would I pause, to catch the household hymn,
Ringing in infant tones, out in the twilight dim.

And can'st thou linger? In its pride, the rose
Hangs on the garden wall, to lure the bee;
Clad in her summer beauty, Nature glows,
And must she smile to bless all else but thee?
Thou answerest, there are ties to keep thee here —
A parent's love swells in thy gentle breast;
Thou can'st not leave the fluttering brood so dear,
And hie thee out to find a greener nest;
Have they not wings like thee to follow on?
Would they not seek the land, where thou before had'st gone?

Thou wilt not leave them — gentle bird, in thee
I read a lesson of eternal things ;
So does the spirit, longing to be free,
Too oft forget its birth, and fold its wings :
We, too, have ties that bind us here below,
And dread to break them all and soar away ;
There is a brighter, better land, we know,
Yet fondly cling to one which must decay ;
We know beyond us, lies a world of bliss,
And yet, with all its ill, we fix our hearts in this !

THOUGHT.

I.

Boundless, illimitable, who can trace
  Thy varied journeyings through the realms of air ?
Thou mock'st each barrier of time or space,
  And fliest on swiftest pinions every where ;
By thee we track the past, long ages gone,
  Lost in the dark abyss of buried time,
Or strive to pierce the future, dim, unknown,
  Or, soaring upward, seek th' eternal clime :
We revel 'mid the stars, in the high dome
  Of God's all glorious temple richly spread,
Make 'mid their shining hosts the spirit's home,
  Among their living lights where seraphs tread ;
Hold our free course unchecked, till lost, amazed,
We sink again to earth, with our bright pathway dazed.

II.

But thou hast earthly rovings, boundless Thought!
O'er the wide world thine eager wing is flying,
To vine-clad realms, where fragrant winds are sighing;
To fairy-haunted grove, or storied grot,
Thither thou lead'st us: hoary mountains piled
High in the clouds, broad lakes, and rivers fair,
And green savannas stretching vast and wild —
We know them all, by thee borne swiftly there.
The lava-buried cities, ancient Rome,
Judea's queen, so honored, so debased,
Where He, the Man of Grief, vouchsafed to come,
And through her streets His path of sorrow traced —
To these we speed us, what can stay thy flight
Ethereal essence! — swift as flash of light?

III.

And yet a power more dear is thine, O Thought!
By thee, long-parted friends together meet,
Though seas divide them, by thy magic brought
In close companionship again! how sweet

To speak kind words of sympathy, once more
To linger spell-bound on some long-loved face,
Again each faded lineament retrace,
Till faithful memory all their charms restore!
The lonely mother at her cottage hearth,
Shudders to hear the storm go rushing past;
And as in fitful and demoniac mirth,
Shrieks forth in trumpet-tones the maddened blast —
She sees in thought, while roll the blackened clouds,
Her sea-boy's form, rocked in the spray-wreathed shrouds.

TASSO'S CROWN.

"It was resolved, that the greatest living poet of Italy should be crowned with the laurel in the imperial city, as Petrarch had been more than two hundred and fifty years before. The decree to that effect was passed by the Pope and the Senate; but ere the day of triumph came, Tasso was seized with an illness, which he instantly felt would be mortal. At his own request, he was immediately conveyed to the neighbouring Monastery of St. Onofario, where, surrounded by the consolations of that faith which had been through life his constant support, he patiently awaited what he firmly believed would be the issue of his malady. He expired in the arms of Cardinal Cinthio Aldobrandini. The Cardinal had brought him the Pope's benediction; on receiving which, he exclaimed, 'This is the crown with which I hope to be crowned, not as a poet in the capital, but with the glory of the blessed in heaven.'"

Within a dim monastic pile
  The gifted poet lies —
Haste! — bring the bright triumphal crown,
  The victor's glorious prize:
Not here should be his resting place,
  Fame beckons him away,
With laurel wreath his brow to grace
  Upon no distant day.

No distant day! — Alas! for him
Vainly the leaves are twined —
The pulse beats low, the eye grows dim,
Where reason sat enshrined;
Disease is preying on his frame,
And death has paled his brow —
To the dread despot's mighty power
He bends a victim now.

They bear a blessing to his couch,
It wakes that death-like trance,
And o'er the dying poet's soul
Celestial visions glance:
Hope lights the pathway to the tomb,
Faith speaks of sin forgiven —
"Be this," he cried, "my better crown,
Joy with the blessed in heaven.

"Not earthly honors shall I win,
Nor laurel wreath shall wear,
But bending with the cherubim,
In adoration there —

Before JEHOVAH's throne — with them
Shall gain a crown of light,
A fair, eternal diadem,
Nor time, nor change can blight.

" Away, away, each thought of earth,
Be mine to seek the sky —
Come, blessed hour, and bring the birth
Of immortality;
Not here, not here, my tuneless lyre,
Thy notes again shall swell;
A golden harp, with strings of fire,
Emmanuel's praise shall tell.

" What now, the bard's undying fame?
What, but an idle breath!
I yield the glory of a name
To *thy* dominion, death.
Not with thy lofty sons, O Rome,
The garland shall I wear —
A crown of pure, unfading light
In heaven, awaits me there.

"Then earth, farewell; the fevered dreams
Which wild ambition gave,
Have faded like the sunset gleams
That gild the distant wave;
But fairer visions fill my breast,
And cheer my closing eye —
For angels, pointing to my rest,
Smile on me as I die."

So passed the gifted one, whose lay
Hallowed Italia's clime —
Serenely, joyously away,
Just in his manhood's prime:
Exchanged the poet's wreath of fame,
The bard's entrancing lyre,
For brighter crowns, and holier lays,
With heaven's angelic choir.

THE RETURN OF SUMMER.

"I turned from all she brought, to all she could not bring."

CHILDE HAROLD.

I.

Sweet summer! glorious summer!
  Thy footsteps once again
Are on the green delighted earth,
  And o'er the sounding main;
Thy light is on the wilderness,
  Thy glory in the sky,
And thy richly varied melodies
  Are ever floating by;

And out upon the ocean
Go the ships all bounding free,
With thy gales to bear them onward,
O'er the bright rejoicing sea.

II.

There are voices, many voices,
That ever wake with thee —
The laughter of the mountain streams,
The music of the bee ;
The humming of bright insect wings
Amid the leafy trees,
And the softly breathing whispers
Of the perfume-laden breeze —
And the merry, merry measures
Of the feathered songsters gay,
In the meadows and the woodlands,
Far away — far away !

III.

Thou art roving on the mountains,
And thy voice is in the dells,
By the sheen of silvery fountains,
Where the water-spirit dwells ;

Where the wild flowers sweet are blushing,
In many a quiet nook,
And the starry moss lies gleaming
By the softly-singing brook;
And gemmed with diamond dew-drops,
The garden blossoms stand,
In their robes of grace and beauty
O'er all the pleasant land.

IV.

Thou art roving on the mountains!
But the pent-up city child,
Amid his toil and weariness,
With thee hath seldom smiled;
He dreameth of thy greenwood shades,
Where, 'neath its roof of leaves
The summer bird, more blest than he,
Its airy fabric weaves;
He dreameth of thy solitudes,
And haply sighs to be
But for one hour, one blessed hour,
On the breezy hills with thee.

V.

Sweet summer! joyous summer!
Unto every living thing
Thou art bearing light and gladness
On thy richly freighted wing;
Thy gifts of bloom are round me,
And fair thine azure skies,
Yet to me thou bring'st, Oh! Summer fair!
But tender memories:
Loved voices, whose sweet music
A spell around me cast;
Sweet Summer! glorious Summer!
Bring me back the past, the past.

VI.

I am musing on the brightness
That has faded from my view,
And hopes which soared like bright-winged birds,
In skies for ever blue;
For clouds have dimmed my vision,
And sadness filled mine eye;

And vainly, Oh! how vainly,
Do thy golden moments fly;
And in thy sunny gladness
I can bear no willing part;
Oh! give me back, thou joyous time,
The summer of the heart!

KEEPSAKES.

"I have been looking over a box of keepsakes. Each little trinket had a voice which spoke to me of the Past."

PRIVATE LETTER.

A ring — a simple band of pearl —
And yet the image fair
Of a true-hearted, merry girl,
With step as free as air,
And eye all bright as evening's star,
These faded pearls recall —
The earliest playmate of my love,
And fairest of them all:
Around a pure, unclouded brow,
Her silken tresses gaily flow,

And her sweet tones of youthful glee
Come ringing as they did to me
Long years ago, ere Care or Time
Had stolen the freshness of her prime.

We stood together 'neath the stars, —
It was a night of June —
And listened to the far-off voice
Of a waterfall in tune;
And we spoke of old, familiar things
That happened long before —
Of dear companions scattered wide,
Whom we should meet no more;
And she said, lest I should e'er forget
The friend of Life's young day —
The holly walk where first we met,
So shy, and then so gay —
The pleasant hours by field and stream
That we had passed together,
When the world seemed just like fairy land,
And Life like Summer weather —
This ring should on my finger be
A talisman of memory,

To waken thoughts of love and her
When she might be a wanderer
Far, far from all we looked on then;
Away from those long prized so dearly,
Whom she might never see again,
Though she would love them, Oh sincerely!
Then from her hand the gift she drew,
And placed the glittering pledge on mine —
Hush! 'twas but Fancy's whispered tone:
Sweet friend, it is not thine!
Thou art beyond the surging sea,
A thousand leagues away,
But this band of pearl hath called thee back
Unto my heart to-day,
The same fair thing of light and glee
That lives within my memory.

A braid of hair: the hand which gave
This golden tress, had nought beside;
Hers were no jewels of the wave,
No radiant gems, no high-born pride;
Unskilled in art, unknown to fame,
Of lowly birth and humble name —

A simple cottage maid;
Yet well I loved the gentle child!
Like some fair floweret of the wild
Untrained, yet fragrant still, she smiled,
In native grace arrayed.

I long had known sweet Amy Lee,
As blithe as wild-bird, or as bee,
As meek as are the lilies white,
Which hide their petals from the light
Beneath their leaves of green;
As gentle as the young gazelle —
So fragile, yet beloved so well —
She seemed a thing that might not dwell
Where storms had ever been.
Twelve summers only had she known —
How swift their course was run!
So gaily, gladly had they flown,
We deemed them scarce begun.
Then came the blight upon our flower:
Consumption's fatal breath
Had doomed our rose-bud of an hour
To bend its head in death:

And well she knew her fate must be
To bid farewell to stream and tree,
To mossy bank, to sylvan dell,
To woodpaths that she loved so well,
To bird and bud, to earth and sky,
Then turn from all their charms — and die.
'Twas sad to part; yet well she knew
Of that bright world beyond her view —
Of those unfading flowers, that blow
Where pure, untroubled waters flow:
And she had gazed, with Faith's keen eye,
Till doubt was changed to ecstacy,
And longed to seek those regions fair,
And find eternal spring-time there.

One morn I sought her cottage-door,
The old green woodbine, clambering o'er,
Checkered the sunshine on the floor,
With sweets perfumed the air:
I sat beside the dying child,
And watched how tranquilly she smiled —
How calm her features were:
Then from her head she bade me take,

And keep it for poor Amy's sake,
This tress of golden hair:
That when long years had rolled o'er me,
And she was sleeping peacefully,
Its shining threads perhaps might tell
Of one who loved me passing well.
She died upon that summer morn —
I marked her fleeting breath,
And caught her last faint sigh, and saw
Her features fixed in death!
And I have kept the braid of hair,
In memory of one so fair:
Its glossy folds still speak to me
The gentle name of Amy Lee!

A broken chain — its severed links
Are where? in some strange land they lie;
But he who holds them hath, methinks,
A day-dream when they meet his eye:
He turns in thought, half musing then,
Unto one bright, autumnal even,
When moonbeams lit our native glen,
And stars were thickly set in heaven,

And we together stood beneath
The old home porch, and, half in jest,
He played the lover, kneeling low,
And a deep passion then confessed:
And when I smiled, and said I knew
His ardent love would yield to time,
He broke this golden chain in two,
And asked, when in a foreign clime
'Twas his to linger, sad and lone,
That I would sometimes gaze upon
Its glittering circles, and believe
His was no heart that could deceive.
We parted, as warm friends would part,
And he went o'er the tossing main;
Another won that *faithful* heart,
And he forgot the broken chain:
And now he may not think of me,
Save its bright remnant he should see.

A leaf — a seal — a faded flower —
Each have a different tale,
And each recall some pleasant hour,
By streamlet, wood or vale,

This bracelet clasped a lovely arm ;
This heart of topaz hath a charm
Of other days for me ;
Some fair companion's merry glance,
My partner in the mazy dance,
In this old broach I see ;
And this small volume's sacred lore
Recalls a counsellor of yore,
Whose faithful warnings, heard no more,
Yet live in memory.

Oh, ye have voices for mine ear,
Ye silent things ! none else can hear ;
Each little offering hath for me
A sweet, a separate history :
A tale of Love, or Joy, or Grief —
An hour of gladness, bright and brief ;
And those long dead, or far away,
Have lived and smiled for me to-day !

THE SCULPTOR'S DREAM OF HOME.

He stood alone, amid the magic forms
His chisel's touch had wakened. There were shapes
Of rare and most exceeding loveliness;
And the cold marble seemed instinct with life,
So vividly had his high art called back
The buried past, and peopled that dim spot
With the bright creatures of poetic thought.
He stood alone, a stranger. His loved home,
Far o'er the sea, in the fair western world,
Lay in its untold beauty. Mountain heights

Reared their blue summits to the summer heaven;
Broad prairie lands, where bounds the buffalo,
Still stretched, unmeasured by the gazer's eye;
And the far-reaching rivers, deep and strong,
Linked shining lakes with ocean. — But for *him*,
Though fair as Eden were its grassy vales,
Its wooded heights, and rush of crystal waves,
His spirit's eager wing sought other climes.
A restless craving for the beautiful
In art, lured him from home and country:
Fame's silver trumpet rang upon his ear —
Her laurel wreath hung o'er him in the clouds,
And for the deathless garland burned his brow.
Italy! thrice glorious Italy!
The cradle of young Genius, nurse of Art,
Seemed as the Promised Land, and thither roamed
His willing feet.

And the bright goal was won!
Fame numbered him among her noblest sons,
And 'neath his touch, shapes of unearthly beauty,
Such as in dreams ethereal only dwell,
Or in the poet's fancy start to life,

Sprang from the senseless marble. Men looked on,
And marvelled at his power; his name was heard
In the high halls of great and god-like Art,
And his the hour of triumph — lo, his brow
Wore the green wreath he sighed for; but there came
To dim the sunlight of that glorious morn,
A heartsick yearning for his early home,
And the fond playmate of his boyhood years.
Fame could not fill the places of the lost —
Her clarion music, proud although it be,
Was discord to the tones of tenderness
His wearied spirit asked, yet asked in vain.

He is alone — but thought hath borne him on,
'Till the dim studio seems a greenwood shade,
'Neath the blue skies of his own native land.
The gush of rills, the song of summer birds,
And the low hum of busy insect wings,
Break on the stillness of the summer day:
A wild, sweet laugh, the echo of glad thoughts,
Comes to his ear — his gentle sister's voice
Calls him to join her rambles, and they roam
Through the cool arches of the quiet wood,

Till the first star hath risen, and amid
The dark green boughs is flashing, like a gem,
The fire-fly's light.

Theirs is the converse sweet
Of souls congenial, for each youthful heart
Hath in its hidden depths a perfect world
Of poetry, and a most subtle sense
Of all things beautiful in Nature. She
Hath some rare fancy floating through her brain,
And whispers in his ear that she hath clothed
A fairy legend in bewitching rhyme; while he,
Catching the glories of a sunset sky,
Tells, how in Italy the eve is bright
With hues Italian skies can only know.
Oh! blessed vision! linger, linger still,
Cheer the lone heart, that pines for home once more,
And bear the exile back on memory's wing,
To the dear haunts of boyhood.

Lo! a step
Hath roused him from his dream; the greenwood shades
Have vanished, and the arches of the wood

Give place to time-stained walls of massive stone :
The low, sweet murmur of his sister's voice
Hath passed, like music from the wind-harp's string ;
Far o'er the booming billow lies his home,
And he is in his studio — alone.

TO ESTELLE.

"No, the eye of friendship may not read
All that the heart contains,
Its wealth of love, its tenderness,
Its pleasures, and its pains.

ESTELLE.

And say'st thou so, my gentle friend?
And dost thou deem, indeed,
Thy poet-heart a secret page,
Which none beside may read?
It may be so with many a one
Who idly scans the leaf,
They may not guess how pure its joy,
How deep its inmost grief, —

They may not dream its love must burn
An ever quenchless flame,
How oft a chord within thy breast
May vibrate at a name, —
But ah ! a sybil's power is mine,
To read its hidden lore ;
And the witching spell of poetry
Can a poet's heart explore.

I know thou lov'st the beautiful,
In earth, and air, and sea,
The sunset clouds, as they robe the west
In a gorgeous drapery ;
The lurid glare of the lightning's flash,
And the meteor's path of light ;
The silver moon, and the quiet stars,
In the holy hours of night.

The ocean waves have a voice for thee,
And the gentle woodland streams,
And they haunt thy heart with their melody,
In the far-off land of dreams ;

The whispering winds in the forest boughs,
Have for thee a mystic tone,
And the green arcades, and the leafy glades,
Speak to thy heart alone.

Thou lovest the wild bird's mellow note,
When he carols his morning hymn,
And the dew-drop that lies on the violet's breast,
Or jewels the lily's brim:
Thou weavest a tissue all fair and bright,
To color the humblest things,
For a world lies hidden within thy heart,
Where ever sweet fancy springs;
A world, where dwelleth in rainbow hues
The thoughts that in heaven have birth;
Which hover o'er, like the fabled bird, *
But touch not this clouded earth.

Thou lovest the summer, that gaily flings
Green wreaths upon every bough,

* The Huma, which is said to fly above, but never to touch the earth.

And I know thou lovest the glittering gems
That circle the Frost-king's brow:
The insect that floats on the perfumed gale,
Were a theme for many an hour,
For thou see'st its Maker's mighty hand
In the tiniest leaf or flower;
I know thou readest a lesson pure,
In each blossom that decks the sod,
And lookest up with a trusting heart,
Through Nature, to Nature's God.

But deeper things, far deeper things,
Lie hid in that heart of thine,
Like jewels that sleep in their earthy beds,
Low down in the secret mine:
The hoarded wealth of affections pure,
A child, and a sister's love, —
And the Christian hope, that will light thy way,
To a glorious world above:
And Oh! there are tender memories,
Of the lost and lovely there,
That come when the busy world is still,
And thou hast knelt down in prayer:

That come o'er thy heart in the holy hush
Of the solemn midnight, lone,
And the by-gone years, and the parted friends,
Are once again thine own.

Then say, fair friend, have I read aright
Thy heart's mysterious page?
Hath my sybil power, and witching spell,
Unlocked the door of that holy cell,
Where Love, with his shining wings, doth dwell,
And Thought hath his golden cage?
Ah! deem not thou the prying eye,
To intrude in that spot, would dare,
I did but look in my own fond heart,
And thine was reflected there.

REMEMBRANCE.

"To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die."

CAMPBELL.

Do not forget me — I would not my name
As a strange language, to your ears became,
But seldom uttered, only heard with sighs,
As harp-string to the moaning wind replies,
Not so, not so!

Speak of me, when the summer day is bright
With glorious sunbeams, and the golden light
Streams through the lattice of my own green bower;
Let me be there in that rejoicing hour
At least in name.

Speak of me, when the twilight's purple haze
Shuts each fair prospect from your ardent gaze,
And turning to the quiet joys of home,
Fond memories of departed dear ones come
To stir the heart.

Speak of me, when in heaven's blue arch afar,
Shines forth in glory each effulgent star;
Say how I loved their lustre, that my name
May ever dwell amid their hosts of flame
To meet *your* eyes.

Speak of me, when my own sweet garden rose,
On slender stem, in moss-clad beauty blows:
I would be linked with all the flowers that bloom,
Till ye might half forget the cold, dark tomb,
Where I must lie.

Speak of me, when around the winter's hearth,
Young hearts are cheerful with the season's mirth,
And strike the soft guitar I love so well,
And let its chords in some old ballad tell
A tale of me.

Speak of me not in sorrow, for ye know
To what calm skies and gentle streams I go ;
To flowers that fade not, through eternal Spring,
All robed in light, to wear an angel's wing,
An angel's crown.

Speak of me, then, with gladness, not with tears ;
For when have flitted by a few short years,
Ye too will pass from earthly care and pain,
And we shall meet all joyfully again,
No more to part.

LAMENT OF AGE FOR BOYHOOD.

My boyhood! Oh! my boyhood!
Give me back the blessed time,
When the heart so gay and careless,
And the light-winged hours were mine;
Give me back the bounding footstep, —
Give me back the merry tone, —
And the laugh that rang so lightly,
Ere those golden hours had flown.

Give me back but for a moment,
Those happy, happy days!
For the path we tread in manhood,
Is a dim, bewildering maze;
The flowers that bloom the fairest,
Are the earliest to decay;
And the joys we prize the dearest,
Are the first to pass away.

But Oh! the hours of boyhood
Fleet by on pinion's fair;
And the sunshine of untroubled hearts
Makes constant summer there:
For care is but a phantom shade,
To bosoms light and gay;
And sorrow comes, but in the cloud
That dims a holyday.

Oh! gaily flew the butterfly
I chased across the lea;
And but to catch the fluttering thing,
Was joy enough for me,—

Alas! since then, I've followed far
Full many a painted toy;
And found it like the gilded moth
That lured the truant boy.

Oh! give me back my boyhood!
Let me feel the keen delight
Of a kite upon the summer gale,
Like an eagle in its flight, —
The bounding ball, the flying race,
The arrow on the wing —
The old man's heart can vibrate still
If memory touch the string.

I see the old green meadows,
Where of yore I used to stray;
They have lost methinks their verdure,
And my play-mates — where are they?
The grass is green o'er many a brow,
That wore no shadow then —
And the rest, have changed from merry boys,
To strange, cold-hearted men.

Oh! give me back the feelings
Of my early by-gone years!
Ere my heart had throbbed with sorrow,
Or mine eye been dimmed with tears;
I would forget each present scene,
And know again the joy
That blessed me in the golden days,
When I was but a boy.

AN AUTUMN THOUGHT.

Methinks I never saw the autumn woods
So beautiful as now. They have put on
Their rainbow coloured garments hastily,
As from his icy palace in the North,
With a stern eye upon the shrinking flowers,
And hoarsely heralding the coming cold,
The Frost King hurries; and like courtiers, soon
Donned each their robes of state, at his approach.

How brightly the October sunlight gleams
Over the changing forest. See! tall shafts
Of opal, or of amber, rise around,
Like pillars of a genii's banquet hall;
With a fair dome of sapphire over them,
Exceeding beautiful!

For me they wear,
These frost-touched forest leaves of varied hue,
A beauty which the summer yieldeth not,
Despite its wealth of flowers. I love thee, June!
With thy soft breath, and deeply azure skies,
And purple twilight hours; but more I love
A noon-tide ramble in the Autumn woods,
When through the half-stript branches streams the sun,
And 'neath our feet the dry leaves rustle;
When answering echo mocks the sportsman's gun,
And swift across our path the squirrel springs,
Or nimble-footed hare. The Autumn gales
Have a reviving influence, and awake
A thought of earlier hours, when there seemed
No shadow in the sunshine, and the streams

Were ever musical — and far away
From half conned lessons, with a chosen few,
We sought the falling nuts, and joyfully
Broke like a bubbling fountain's silvery tone,
The merry laugh from young and careless hearts;
And life seemed all as full of happiness,
As did that bright day in the Autumn woods.

THE DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

They tell me life is waning fast,
And Death's dark wing unfurled,
Will bear my spirit soon from earth,
Unto an unknown world:
I feel, beloved, it must be so,—
I feel that even now
His hand is on my fluttering heart,
His shadow o'er my brow.

How shall I leave thee? — how resign
Thy tenderness and care?
The pressure of thy clasping hand,
Thy blessing, and thy prayer?
Together we have tasted joy,
Together wept in ill,
And the love that was so bright in bliss,
In grief was brighter still.

Wilt thou not miss me from thy side
When twilight's hour hath come?
Will it not seem a desert place,
The paradise of home?
Then, gather close with brooding love
Our children round thy knee,
And wipe with tenderest hand the tears
Which they will shed for me.

And soothe each little throbbing heart
That asks for me in vain,
And say, that in the far-off heaven
Their mother lives again;

Link not my name with thoughts of death,
But point them to the sky,
And tell them, in the "Better Land"
They neither weep nor die.

Go with them to their lonely couch
At evening's silent close,
And softly press each pillowed cheek,
And hush them to repose;
Or bid them kneel with clasped hands
To lisp their evening prayer;
Thou must unite a father's love,
With all a mother's care.

A mother's care! a mother's love!
And must they never know
How deeply in her "heart of hearts"
A mother's love may glow?
Will they yet bloom in girlhood fair,
While she who gave them birth
Lies all forgotten far away,
In one lone spot of earth?

Forgotten! no, beloved one, no!
Thou wilt remember still
The being who hath shared thy lot
Alike in good or ill;
Thou wilt remember all her love,
With faithful, fond regret;
And but the faults she could not hide,
Thy heart will e'er forget.

And thou wilt come to that lone spot
Where the green willow waves,
And lead our children's tiny feet
Among the quiet graves;
And read for them the sculptured stone —
Brief record of my life —
Then say how faithfully I loved,
As mother, and as wife.

How can I say farewell to thee?
How mark thy bitter tears?
Look up, beloved, we only part
For a few fleeting years;

They will roll o'er thy darkened path,
Swiftly as shadows flee,
And in a world of holier love
Will our blest meeting be.

THE LAND OF JOY.

"The inhabitants of this country (Zinge) are never afflicted with sadness or melancholy."
NOTES TO LALLA ROOKH.

Bear me to that blest place!
That home of cheerful hearts and tearless eyes;
Whereon no shadow lies,
And where no sorrow leaves its wonted trace.

This is a land of care!
Tears dim the eye, and cheeks are early pale:
Grief is on every gale;—
But that bright shore—have they no sorrow there?

Do they not mourn the dead?
Do not the lovely pass like ours away?
Do they not weep by day,
And through the night toss on a sleepless bed?

Do they not part for years,
As we do, from the beings loved the best?
And can they, do they rest,
With no vain longings, no dark bitter fears?

Are they not called to keep
Long weary vigils by the couch of pain?
Have they ne'er watched in vain
For th' awakening from that dreamless sleep?

Oh! Are they so much blest!
While here we combat with unending care?
Then bear me, bear me there —
Give me in that bright land, a home, a rest!

Imaginary spot!
There cannot be on earth such place of peace,
Where joys can ne'er decrease,
Where cares, and tears, and sorrows, enter not!

Be still, then, panting heart!
Forbear thy longing for such blest abode,
And struggle on, till God
Shall bid thee to a better rest depart.

THE SUMMER RAIN.

The Summer rain, the Summer rain!
It is streaming down to the earth again;
The hills are green where the bright drops lie,
And hid are the bee and the butterfly:
The pools are filled, and the streamlets flow
O'er pebbly beds, with their music low;
And the lily is lifting her chalice fair,
And the red-rose swings in the freshened air,
And flower-cups bend to the blessed rain,
That is streaming down to the earth again.

It bringeth joy to a thousand things,
The thirsty herbage to meet it springs ;
The corn is drinking the blessed draught,
And the oak of the forest its stream hath quaffed,
And the light leaves laugh, as its silvery tide,
Like a gift of beauty, falls far and wide ;
The smallest flower, in the deepest glen,
That never bloomed for the eye of men —
The gayest plant in the garden's bound —
The broadest bough in the greenwood found —
Each blade of grass, and each stately tree,
Drinketh the rain-drops joyfully.

What doth it image — the Summer rain,
When clouds are spread over earth again ?
And softly on meadow, and hill, and grove,
It comes like a voice from the world above ?
It speaks of the Spirit's holy power
On the human heart in affliction's hour;
So doth it fall, when the heart is sere,
With the parching cares of this lower sphere;

So doth it fall, when the smiling sky
Is dim with the clouds of adversity ; —
So doth it soften the stony breast,
As the glittering drops upon earth are pressed ;
'Till, as incense sweet after Summer rain,
The soul will rise towards heaven again.

ELEGIAC.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. S. W. C***E.

Why should we mourn thee?
See, the captive bird
Hath burst its prison bar, and wanders free
Through the clear ether, till no more is heard
Its minstrelsy.
Should we deplore its flight,
As up the blue expanse with quivering wings
Exultingly it springs,
Spreading its pinions toward the throne of light,
And leaving far behind, the land of chains and night?

Why should we mourn thee?
When the exile lone,
Homeward returning, from afar espies
His cot's low roof with verdure overgrown,
'Mid the green foliage where embowered it lies;
And pressing forward with a bounding heart
And quickened footstep, gains the destined spot —
From its loved shelter could we say, Depart,
And seek again the pilgrim's weary lot —
Each hardship o'er, each peril now forgot?

Why should we mourn thee?
Gifted one, thy lyre
Gave the sweet echoes of thy soul's warm lay:
Strings such as angels sweep, the golden wire
That vibrates to a seraph's touch of fire;
The holy, holy song
Immortal lips prolong;
These were thy high aspirings, and thy robe of clay,
Bound but thy spirit-wings, which longed to soar away.

Why should we mourn thee?
In thy bright abode
Pain is unknown, and sorrow hath no place,
The heritage alone of those who trace
Life's thorny road.
'Tis for ourselves we weep,
Poor earth-bound prisoners still,
On our toilsome way and steep,
With our load of care and ill;
But for thee, sweet songstress, thee!
Be our purest praises given,
Like the captive bird made free;
Like the exile, joyously,
Thou hast gained thy home in heaven,
And thine earthly lyre,
Though quenched its fire,
Will echo again, 'mid the angel choir.

NIGHT.

Draw down thy misty curtains, " solemn night,"
Dim the fierce fires which still illume the west;
While stars look down with sweet though distant light,
Bring to each weary thing its hour of rest:
Sleep to the little song-bird in its nest,
Dew to young blossoms, bending on the tree;
Call home, on busy wing, the housewife bee,
And seal up infant eyes, in fond arms pressed.
Be thine, to soothe earth's worn and weary child,
With hours of sweet and undisturbed repose —
Still human hearts, that beat with wants and woes,
And lull a thousand griefs; physician mild!
The couch of pain with healthful visions bless,
And cure all ills in deep forgetfulness.

THE DIAMOND OF THE DESERT.

"It is called in the Arabic language," answered the Saracen, "by a name which signifies, the 'Diamond of the Desert.'"

SCOTT.

Slowly o'er parched and dreary plains,
Fainting beneath the solar ray;
While hope of rescue scarce remains,
The weary pilgrim takes his way.
Around him, barren deserts lie,
Above him, bends a burning sky,
Or the dread Simoon's fatal breath,
Sweeps o'er his pathway, fraught with death.

But now, to cheer his anxious eye,
Appears one little spot of green,
Sole vestige of fertility,
Amid that desolated scene.
And oh! how grateful none can know,
Is the cool fountain's silver flow,
Which brightly beams to cheer and bless,
In that wild waste of barrenness.

To rest beside the bubbling fount,
Quaffing its waters as they glide,
And dangers of the way recount
To fellow pilgrims by his side;
How shall the wanderer leave its brink?
He stoops again, — again, — to drink,
And bears through all his desert way,
The memory of that fountain's play.

So, 'mid the arid wastes of life,
Where panting pilgrims onward roam,
Wearied with earth, its toil, its strife,
Sighing to find some surer home; —

Religion, like the silver wave,
Pours its pure stream to bless and save;
And lies, like that bright fountain clear,
The "Diamond of the Desert" here.

And ye who vainly sigh for rest,
Who thirst for purer streams of joy —
Here, with the living waters blessed,
Drink, deeply drink, without alloy.
Sparkling with light its waves flow on,
Refreshing all they gleam upon,
And he who tastes the healing tide,
Will ask no other fount beside.

OUR REST.

"This is not your rest, it is polluted."

This is not our rest — 'tis a region of care,
A land of perplexities, dangers, and fears,
And hearts that are beating with rapture, may share
An hour of transport, with bitterest tears :
And when we look round on life's pathway of ill,
Although it may sometimes seem happy and blest,
Back, back to our bosoms, conviction will thrill,
And everything teach us, this is not our rest.

This is not our rest — for the dark wing of grief,
May shadow the sunlight that beamed o'er our home,
And some long cherished idol, like autumn's pale leaf,
Go down to the grave in its beauty and bloom :
Or those whom we trusted would never betray;
And hearts that we prized as the truest and best,
Grow cold and forgetful, and friendship decay
We thought most undying — this *is not* our rest!

This is not our rest — youthful dreamer, awake!
Believe not that *here*, thy best moments are given :
The hopes that are brightest will soonest forsake, —
Earth holds not a bliss that should lure thee from heaven :
The song may resound, and the festal be gay,
And beauty seem flattered, or idly caressed :
But the world and its fashion are passing away —
Awake, youthful dreamer, this is not thy rest!

This is not thy rest — though a voice may be near,
In some tranquil hour, to whisper of peace ;
To promise that life shall be sunny and clear,
And all the wild storms of adversity cease ;

That pleasure shall wait on thy steps evermore, —
And thou wilt be always as happy and blest, —
'Tis a voice that hath cheated fond bosoms before,
O trust not the syren, this is not thy rest!

This is not our rest — thou on manhood's broad track,
Or toiling in age for life's perishing things,
From its fatal allurements in season turn back,
And plume for the skies, wearied spirit, thy wings:
Each day brings its trials, vexations, and pain,
And vainly thou dream'st of a future more blest;
Alas! it but pictures the present again —
Look upward, look upward, this is not thy rest!

This is not our rest — far beyond the dark tomb,
It rises in beauty more bright than the day;
Its sun never darkened, and fadeless the bloom,
That smiles in a region which knows not decay.
There, the River of Life, its pure waters will roll,
By the mansions of glory, prepared for the blest,
And there with the Saviour, oh! then will the soul,
Enjoy an eternal, unchangeable rest.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

And do ye still, on wings of love and light,
Oh! heavenly guardians, hover round our way?
To shield from danger creatures of a day,
Do ye abandon realms all fair and bright?
Ye are about our daily paths unseen,
Our darkened eyes your glory may not scan —
Breathe still your sweet monitions unto man,
Ye of celestial form and holy mien.
Still watch above us in our lot of care,
Be infancy to your protection given,
Teach manhood meekly life's sharp ills to bear,
And to the aged, bring sweet dreams of heaven;
And be your last employ, at Death's stern nod,
To waft the ransomed spirit back to God.

THE ABSENT COMMUNICANT.

The holy feast is spread again,
And all are gathered there,
And to the altar's foot they press
With reverence and with prayer,
Young heads of bright and sunny locks,
And those of silvery hair:
Age, youth, and beauty, side by side,
Commemorate the crucified.

I hear in thought the organ's tone,
Its rich harmonious swell,
The plaintive hymn breathed forth again,
Of Jesus' love to tell,
The pastor's voice of kind regard,
Beloved so long and well,
Then see the sacred symbols given,
And mortals eat the bread of heaven.

In thought, alas! *in thought alone*, —
I may not kneel to-day,
Among that band of worshippers,
Or in that temple pray,
Or taste with them that blessed food,
Strength for life's pilgrim way:
The holy feast is spread, and prayer
Ascends, but *one* is absent there.

The church bells have been ringing out
With their enlivening tone,
And yet within my chamber's bound,
All silent and alone,

I sit to muse upon the past,
The hours for ever flown,
When through the sacred aisle I trod,
To bow within the house of God.

And as the weary hart doth pant,
For water-courses fair,
I long to reach the holy fane,
And pay my homage there,
And with God's people kneel me down,
Forgetting earthly care:
It may not be — my heart be still,
And bend thee to Jehovah's will.

Thou, who in desert mountains lone,
Did'st hie where none might see,
To pour thy soul in secret prayer,
And bend the suppliant knee,
And ask thy Father's pardoning love
For guilty ones like me; —
Give me thy presence, though alone
I bow before thy glorious throne.

Saviour, be with me: may thy love
  Light up my path to-day,
And may thy Spirit's power divine
  My every action sway;
Bless thou this sacred Sabbath time,
  Although *alone* I pray,
And lift my soul, and cheer my heart,
When from thy people far apart.

STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF A YOUNG DAUGHTER OF THE REV. DR. SCHROEDER.

I saw a lovely flower
Upon a slender spray,
But a rude blast came, with sudden power,
And swept its bloom away :
It bent beneath the blow,
And its leaves to earth were given,
But the bitter wind that had laid it low,
Bore its fragrance unto heaven.

I marked a rainbow's form,
When the summer shower went by,
Born of the sunbeam and the storm —
Spanning the eastern sky :
And I gazed upon the sight,
Till the glorious arch was riven,
And its varied hues of gorgeous light
Melted away in heaven.

I watched a merry bird,
Building its fairy nest,
And the glossy leaves by its wings were stirred,
Round that little spot of rest;
And I deemed its gushing song
Would still to mine ear be given,
But it plumed its wing for the skies ere long,
And soared, and sang, in heaven.

I gazed on a gentle star,
That was bright in the evening sky,
And thought, how it smiled in its home afar,
When watched by a mortal's eye;

But the tempest gathered fast,
And wildly the clouds were driven,
And the star was lost, as their dark folds passed,
But I knew it was still in heaven.

So, like that lovely flower,
And like that rainbow's light,
And like the bird of the summer bower,
And the glittering star of night;
Hath thy loved one, in life's pure spring,
From thy fond embraces riven,
Been borne away on an angel's wing,
To dwell in the light of heaven.

ORDINATION.

High upon Zion's holy walls,
Thy place and portion hence will be;
It is Jehovah's voice which calls,
To gird thee with His panoply.

Sleep not upon thine honoured post —
Bear thou an eagle's piercing eye —
Blow loud the trumpet 'mid the host,
And warn them that the foe is nigh.

Unfurl the blood-stained banner free,
To float above thee far and wide ;
And let thy watchword ever be,
In good or ill, " Christ crucified !"

Watch, for thou know'st not of the time
Thy Lord will come with mighty power —
Whether at day's unsullied prime,
At early dawn, or midnight hour.

Go forth undaunted — ever bear
A fearless heart, when danger springs ;
For Oh, remember, thou dost wear
The armour of the King of Kings !

Fight the good fight — thy steady aim
Shall make the vengeful foe despair ;
Go forth in thy Redeemer's name,
And be thy weapons Faith and Prayer.

Go forth — fulfil the work begun —
Forsaking earth, and earth's renown —
Then rise from death, the conquest won,
To wear the victor's fadeless crown.

CHRISTMAS.

"This is time, when most divine to hear,
The voice of Adoration rouses me,
As with a cherub's trump; and high upborne,
Yea, mingling with the choir, I seem to view
The vision of the heavenly multitude,
Who hymned the song of Peace o'er Bethlehem's fields."

COLERIDGE.

A star hangs bright o'er Bethlehem's vale —
Angelic voices wake the morn;
And shepherds hear the wond'rous tale,
Jesus, the promised child, is born.
The harps of heaven on earth are strung:
Good will to men, by seraphs sung.

They seek the babe — no regal state —
No princely pomp are His the while ;
On Him no bright-robed courtiers wait,
But humble peasants watch His smile :
The magi kneel, and shepherds bend,
To Him whom angels did attend.

He has resigned a crown of light —
Laid all his glorious vestments by —
And shrouding in this world of night
The splendors of the Deity,
Hath come to succor, save, and bless,
His creatures in their wretchedness.

Saviour, again we hail the day,
When brightly rose thy natal star ;
And join the angel's heaven-taught lay,
Which in the azure fields afar —
The music of celestial spheres,
Rang on the shepherd's listening ears.

And lo, from Nature's hand we bear
An offering for thy holy shrine ;
With evergreen, and garlands fair,
High arch and lofty pillar twine :
And joyfully our pæans raise,
Redeemer, Saviour, in Thy praise.

And though no bright, peculiar gem,
Is hung upon our midnight sky —
Like that which shone o'er Bethlehem,
What time the heavenly hosts were nigh —
Thy Word our polar star shall be,
Guiding us on, to heaven and Thee.

HAPPINESS.

Thou hast no earthly home, thou radiant guest,
Brief is thy sojourn with the sons of clay;
Thy smiles, like parting sunbeams, scarcely rest
Upon our path, ere they have passed away:
It is in vain we ask their farther stay, —
It may not be, thou hast no dwelling here,
Thou art a winged angel hovering near,
But seldom stooping to our clouded way.
Where flaming cherubim for ever swell
High-pealing anthems on the ambient air,
And harps by seraphs tuned, for ever tell
Immanuel's love and glory — Spirit, there,
There is thy home, thy bright and true abode,
Only a lingerer here, thy birth-place is with God.

A LAMENT.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF L. A. C.

"Youth and the opening rose,
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee; but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey."

MRS. HEMANS.

Gone hence to thy rest — in a far brighter land
Thou hast entered the mansions of glory and bliss;
In that radiant clime, with the seraphim band,
Thou forgettest the thorns and the shadows of this:
Oh, who can deplore thee, or ask thy recall,
Thus early unfettered, for ever made free,
Or wish thee again in the world's bitter thrall —
We may weep for ourselves, but we must not for thee.

Thy blue eye is dim, there is dust on thy brow,
The rose hue of life, it hath faded away;
How peacefully dear one thou slumberest now,
Nought, nought can awake thee,--nor darkness, nor day:
The heart that was beating with kindness alone,
Is still — all its throbbings for ever are o'er,
And the voice that we loved for its sweetness of tone,
Alas! we may list to its music no more.

How short was thy sojourn, how brief was thy stay,
A summer of beauty, a season of love —
Bright forms that we knew not have called thee away,
And wings that we heard not, have borne thee above:
Thou wert snatched from the sorrows that haply may throw
Their withering blight over life's riper years;
And in regions immortal, thou never can'st know
The heart's weary pining, the eye's bitter tears.

And gladly the springtime shall waken the flowers,
And summer clothe brightly with blossoms each tree;
But the joy of the sunbeams, the calm of the hours,
Will come not again gentle sleeper to thee:

The earth in its robes of delight will be dressed,
And the soft winds may sigh o'er thy place of repose;
Thou wilt heed not their whisper, nor wake from thy rest,
To greet the young lily and welcome the rose.

But as the soft moonbeams when shed o'er the sea,
Will tinge with their lustre the wave's tossing foam,
So, lost one, will come the fond memory of thee,
To throw its pure light o'er the grief of thy home:
So, blessed recollections shall ever arise,
To soothe the deep sorrow that pierces each breast,
And Faith shall point up to thy home in the skies,
And Love shall rejoice thou art safe and at rest.

Yes, safe and at rest — not a shade to o'ercast
The light of thy soul in that radiant sphere,
Life's brief journey over, its perils all passed,
Thou art basking in sunshine celestial and clear:
Could thy voice reach us now from that far distant shore,
We should list to the notes of an angel's sweet strain,
To say when a few fleeting seasons are o'er,
In gladness and light, we shall meet thee again.

PROSPERITY.

All seek thee — from the palace walls of state,
To the low cottage where the poor man bides,
The sons of earth for unseen blessings wait,
And ask, in each estate, some gift beside.
We trust to thee for happiness, and deem
We shall know all of bliss in finding thee —
Believe not, fortune's favours oft may be
As vague and shadowy as a midnight dream:
Ah! we should humbly bask beneath thy smile,
For thou may'st prove a fatal boon when given —
Under thy mask the tempter may beguile,
Luring the soul from virtue and from heaven;
Thou hold'st a poisoned chalice to the lip,
Sweet to the taste, yet they may die who sip.

ADVERSITY.

Thou art a harsh instructor — yet by thee
We learn important lessons — thou dost teach
How frail and fleeting earthly hopes may be,
How oft the goal recedes we strive to reach :
Thine is a form of darkness, and we turn
Heart-sick and weary from the sad embrace,
Would fly thy dreaded presence ever stern,
And trembling, hide us from thy frowning face.
But through the world's dim pathway, thy cold hand
Is leading to a home of joy and peace,
And on the borders of that better land,
Will thy sharp ministry for ever cease,
And we shall bless thee, safely landed there,
And know in heaven how good thy bitter teachings were.

TO THE PORTRAIT OF A CHILD.

"Thou art so life-like, speak to me."

Thy lip hath a curl of winning grace,
And smiles are lighting thy cherub face,
And thine eyes beam forth with a cunning glee,
Meet for the features of infancy;
And thy silken tresses in beauty fall
Round thy temples fair, like a coronal:
How much like life! Can it really be
Only the canvass that smiles on me?

Oh! well hath the painter's skill portrayed
Thy fairy figure in light and shade!
So well, that I list for thy laughing tone,
And look for thy fingers to grasp my own,
And hear thy wishes for some gay toy
In thy gentle accents, my bright-haired boy!
Wilt thou not bound in thy joyousness
To my open arms, and my fond caress?

Picture, thou tellest of beauty bright,
Lip like the ruby, and eye of light —
Cheek of the rose-tint, and forehead fair,
And a buoyant spirit unchained by care.
Boy — as thy years roll swiftly on,
When childhood's visions and hopes have flown,
Look on thine image, and strive to be,
Guileless and pure as in infancy.

TEN YEARS AGO.

"Too soon, Oh! all too soon will come
In later years the spell,
Touching with changing hues the path
Where once but sunlight fell."

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Ten years ago! a weary age it seems
To look ten years *beyond* the present hour;
But when far down the lengthened hill of Time,
We cast a backward glance at some far point
Our pilgrim feet ten years before had left —
How easily the retrospective eye
May span the pathway: — but a moment's flight
Hath marked the parted hours, and memory asks,
Half cheated of her power, the scattered leaves,
Where, with recording pencil, she hath writ
The pains or pleasures of that by-gone time.

Ten years ago! it seems but yesterday!
And I remember then, a happy girl,
Upon whose face the world had cast no care,
Stood at the altar-side, and gave her heart
With all its hoarded wealth of tenderness
To one who long had loved her. They had grown
Together like young plants; and when the world
Deemed them as children, or spoke jestingly
Of that, which, to their young untroubled hearts
Was light, and dew, and sunshine — they had vowed
With the deep fervor of a deathless love,
To wander hand in hand through life's long way,
To launch their bark *together* on the waves,
And to *one* haven steer their onward course.
Little they recked of peril and of storm —
They had exchanged that high and holy faith
Which angels bless, and with a perfect trust
In all the fairy promises of Hope,
They deemed an angel's wing would shelter them
From the rude billow's chiding.

They were wed.

I do remember that bright morning hour

Of sunny May, and the fair company
Of bridal guests; and still, methinks, I hear
Voices of gratulation, and kind words
From loving hearts, and a fond blessing breathed
From lips parental, as together passed
That youthful pair adown the sacred aisle:
So blessed to find their dream of joy fulfilled,
They asked no boon beside.
And o'er them rolled,
From that auspicious hour, ten happy years.
How swift, when joy hath winged them, do they fly —
How slowly creep along their destined course,
When leaden-footed Sorrow drags them on.
But with the beings of my history,
The sunlit hours on golden pinions flew.
There were no clouds to dim their tranquil sky —
No storms to fright them — no wild waves to dash
The fragile bark whose helm Affection ruled; —
And when a blue-eyed babe upon them smiled
In its young beauty, like a bud of heaven,
Life's cup of blessedness seemed brimmed for them,
'Till the pure sparkling waters must o'erflow.

Ten years! ten years! all numbered with the past!
And the revolving months again have brought
That nuptial day. But where are now the hearts
So closely linked? They have been parted!
He is reposing by the church's side,
And she is widowed. In her lonely home,
With her eye fixed upon the weeping clouds,
Which seem to give their tears in sympathy,
And her fair orphan boy beside her knee,
She muses on the past — recalls fair forms,
And faded scenes, and days of happiness,
And looks of love, and words of holy trust —
And asks her heart if it *indeed* be true
That she has lost them all.

A widow's grief!

There are no words can speak it. He who gave
A language unto man, gave him no power
To syllable *such* sorrow. They had loved
Too ardently for those whom death must sever —
Loved, 'till the full o'erladen heart had throbbed
With all its weight of untold tenderness.
He had been more than all the world to her,

The idol in the temple of her soul,
The radiant star that in her cloudless heaven
Beamed with a light above its fellow stars.
She had hung proudly on his gifted words,
When others deemed she scarce had heard their flow,
Or drank, as from a fount of purest wave,
The gushing love poured on her ear alone.
Ah! she had prized the gift too far above
The bounteous Giver — garnered up her love
In a clay casket — leaned upon a reed
Frail as a willow-twig, yet breaking, pierced
The heart which clung to it. And God had known,
How at an altar consecrate to Him,
She burned sweet incense for a mortal shrine,
And now to draw her spirit heavenward,
Severed the golden chain which bound her here,
And placed her idol nearer to Himself,
To lure her onward to the better land.

IN MEMORY OF HENRY S. CRAIG.*

The fair earth looketh dim — the golden sun
Gleams not, methinks, so brightly as of yore,
And each familiar thing he looks upon,
With a strange gloom is darkly shadowed o'er:
But nature is not changed — unto our eyes
Alone she seemeth sad, for *thou* art gone,
Whose smile was sunshine for our wintry skies,
Whose words were music, and whose gentle tone
Of love or kindness, came upon the ear
Like the pure gushing of a fountain clear.

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* Beloved and respected by all who knew him, perished in the burning of the steamboat Lexington, 13th January, 1840. The above lines were written at the time, but never before published.

Life was all bright before thee — who could deem
It's fairy promises would fade so soon ?
Fond hopes have perished like the rainbow's gleam —
A sun obscured at its high hour of noon :
Age had not stamped his furrows on thy brow,
Nor strewed his silvery threads in thy dark hair :
Still wore thy manly cheek its wonted glow,
Unwrinkled by the withering touch of care :
Thine eye yet flashed with all the fire of youth,
And on thy lip dwelt stern, unbending truth.

Oh! there is darkness o'er thy home, and tears,
Deep, burning tears of heart-felt agony,
As memory brings again thine earlier years,
Oh! loved and lost one, still are shed for thee :
Thy mother for her first-born bows in dust,
Her stay in widowhood, her pride and joy ;
Recalls thy childhood's time of love and trust,
And wails thy manhood's glory fall'n for ay :
And thy young sisters, who will guard as thou,
Their orphan heads from every evil now ?

But there is one who in her girlhood's hour,
Gave up her sweet affections unto thee,
How she lies smitten like a withered flower,
When autumn winds have swept its native tree :
Her idol in the dust hath fallen low —
And the white wreath that twined amid her hair,
When at thy side a few short months ago
She stood a happy bride, so young, so fair, —
Is changed, for what ? Alas ! that pallid brow,
Wears the dark shrouding of the widowed now.

Oh ! who shall speak her anguish ! who may tell
The misery that clouds her sunniest years !
Who shall e'er fathom pure affections well,
Or dry the fountain of her bitter tears !
What unto her are spring's first fragrant flowers,
Or all the charms of summer's blushing day ?
Will she not read the past, in such bright hours,
And hear thy voice in every wind's soft play ?
Will not the smiling earth, the balmy air,
Whisper of moments blessed, when thou wert there ?

Yes, they will miss thee, unto whom belong
The ever dear remembrance of thy worth —
They will lament thee, when the heartless throng
Have quite forgotten thou wert once of earth;
At morning's prime, at daylight's dewy close,
When Summer flings her bloom on field and tree;
When Autumn's hand her gorgeous livery throws
O'er hill and forest, they will dream of thee.
In the lone midnight, when the world is still,
How will thine image each sad bosom thrill.

Heart-stricken mourners! mother, widowed wife!
And ye, fond sisters, still your tears restrain;
"He is not dead but sleepeth" — in the life
Beyond, immortal, ye shall meet again:
Press on, press on, to that eternal shore,
Where the tossed barque at last in safety moors;
God to your arms the lost one will restore,
And love, celestial love, be ever yours.
Then turn from earth, with its o'ershadowing care,
And fix your hearts in heaven, for he is *there*.

TO A FRIEND AT PARTING.

Think of me — when ?
Just at the gentle twilight hour,
When the dew is falling on leaf and flower,
When birds to their quiet nests have gone,
And the summer night comes softly on,
Think of me then.

Think of me — when ?
As thou art roving through pleasant glades,
Or wandering 'mid the deep forest shades,
Gazing on flower, and field, and tree,
Let thy thoughts turn for awhile to me —
Think of me then.

Think of me — when?
As some sweet strain we have loved to hear,
Comes with a pathos deep to thine ear,
And a soft note over thy senses flung,
Brings back the time when that lay was sung,
Think of me then.

Think of me — when?
In the early hours of the summer morn,
When no rude sounds on the breeze are borne,
When all is balmy, and sweet, and still,
And the mists are rising from stream and hill,
Think of me then.

Think of me — when?
At that lone hour, when on bended knee,
Thou art breathing a prayer to the Deity,
That all whom thou lovest he may defend,
Oh, ask some boon for thy distant friend —
Think of me then.

WINTER TWILIGHT.

Brief hour for thought! the dark and wintry day
Is deepening into night, though no pale star
To guide the traveller with its timorous ray
Yet glimmers in the purple depths afar.
Darkness comes stealing on ; — from labor free,
The weary woodman seeks his cottage door,
Where mirthful children on the sanded floor
Leap at his coming, and press round his knee.
From distant casements lights are twinkling now,
Where busy matrons still the needle ply,
Or some pale student strains the anxious eye,
And bends o'er classic page with thoughtful brow.
Stir we the fire ; seek fancy's wild domain,
And rear some airy fabric's dizzy height again.

PAST AND PRESENT.

Can this be the creature of laughter and light,
Who, twenty short summers ago,
O'er the clouds of my spirit threw colours as bright
As heaven's own beautiful bow?

Can this be the maid of the merry blue eye,
That chained the young heart in my breast,
'Till it throbbed with delight if her form flitted by,
Or came in bright dreams to my rest? —

Who roamed o'er the green with a fairy-like trip,
Or so featly danced over the dew, —
While laughter seemed born on her roseate lip,
And smiles were the breath that she drew? —

Whose voice had the gladness and mirth of a rill,
The sweetness of musical birds, —
And the ear and the heart were made captive at will,
By the sound of her soft-flowing words? —

How changed; — yet methinks there's a lovelier light
That beams from her gentle blue eye —
A something more holy, more tenderly bright,
Than lit them in seasons gone by.

The rich golden curls that once shaded her brow
Are parted with matronly grace,
And a few silver threads intertwined with them now,
Usurp all too quickly their place.

She is changed — but long vigils in weariness kept,
Her lily-like paleness bespeak,
And eyes will grow dim that too often have wept,
And grief leave its trace on the cheek.

For sorrow's dark pall o'er her life hath been cast,
The life once so happy and gay;
And idols, as dear as the life-blood, have passed
From her heart's inmost temple away.

She is changed — the rare beauty, my pride and delight,
Like a blossom too soon hath decayed,
But her soul, a pure jewel transcendently bright,
Still shines, though the casket may fade.

Sweet wife of my bosom, though years have flown o'er,
Since the moment I called thee my bride,
Yet the love that we cherished so fondly of yore,
Shall still keep me close to thy side.

Shall still every thought of my being engage,
To prize all thy goodness and truth,
And still will I love thee as fondly in age,
As fondly I loved thee in youth.

TO A PICTURE

OF PIERRE DE CORNILLAN, GRAND MASTER OF THE KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS, IN A PAINTER'S STUDIO.

What dost thou here, old knight?
With thine armour on, and thy casque laid by;
To the field! to the field! where the valiant fight,
And brave men meet to die.

This is no place for thee!
The sound of the bugle should greet thine ear;
Hie, hie where thy banner is waving free!
Why art thou lingering here?

They wait thee to lead them on,
They list thy war-note by hill and stream :
Hath the spirit that nerved thee to battle flown ?
Oh ! wake thee from thy dream !

Thou phantom of the past !
Long hast thou slumbered in dull decay :
And thy comrades, the bravest, the best, the last,
Have passed like thee away.

Vainly I call thee now !
Thou heed'st not a moment my feeble breath,
Thine eye is dim, and thy noble brow
Pressed by the hand of Death.

Thy clarion's voice is still;
And thy banner furled, to the moth is given,
No more shall its folds at thy sovereign will,
Float in the breeze of heaven.

All is alike forgot !
Thou, as do others, have laid thee down,
Thy deeds of valor remembering not,
And deaf to all renown.

Thou art but imaged here,
For time o'er thy spirit hath no more sway:
Thou hast finished thy bright and high career,
And passed to thy doom away.

And only a glorious art,
May bear thee back by it wonderous power,
And methinks it whispers the human heart,
"So brief is glory's hour."

JUNE.

Come with thy rose-wreaths, fair and laughing June!
Fling thy rich odors upon every gale;
Bid the blue waters wake their blithest tune,
And joy, and light, and melody prevail.
Thou hast a store of treasures, and with thee
We look for all things lovely: butterflies
Flit like winged jewels 'neath thy sunny skies,
And roam, with tones of music, bird and bee.
Thou art the loveliest of the sisters three —
Summer's most beauteous child! Oh, still delay,
Fairest of months! thy parting; fondly stay,
And pour thy radiant smiles on lake and lea:
Bear not from earth thy blessed gifts so soon;
Stay, stay thy flight, oh fair and laughing June!

I would be with thee on the sunny hills,
And by the streams would linger, as they flow
With their perpetual music, sweet and low:
And where, in light, leap out the shining rills,
Like chains of liquid diamonds, I would be;
Methinks 'twere sweet to wander far and free,
Tempting each craggy height or sylvan shade —
A loiterer, where the mossy banks, inlaid
With Nature's flowery gems, invite repose;
And stealing o'er my brow, thy breath of balm
Might lull each care my beating bosom knows,
And bid the tossing waves of thought be calm;
And I might half forget life's boding ills,
Roaming with thee out on the sunny hills.

Alas! it may not be; I am forbid
By a stern duty, and my feet must press,
Day after day, in toil and weariness,
The city's streets; while in my heart is hid
Strange, passionate yearnings for a brighter spot:
My childhood's home is stealing on my sight—
In native loveliness all unforgot,
Fancy reveals it. Well I know, the blight

Of time has dimmed its beauty; yet to me
It ever rises with the summer day,
Decked by thy hand in fair and fresh array;
And on its verdant slopes I long to be,
A happy child, as careless and as gay,
As erst in thy bright reign I laughed the hours away.

SONNET TO A CHILD.

Lovely thou art as earliest buds of spring,
And fresh as glowing summer's opening rose;
Fair as the vale's young lily blossoming,
When, 'neath the sunbeam's touch, its leaves unclose.
My own loved child, thou art a sunny gleam
Lent as a light to cheer my earthly way:
Thy fairy footsteps in thy bounding play,
And thy soft tones, delicious music seem.
What would a mother's heart not ask for thee
From Him who gave thee in thy loveliness?
Ever around thy path, to shield, to bless,
Beloved one, may thy heavenly Guardian be:
Thy portion here, — then with His bright-robed choir,
Give thee an angel's wing, a seraph's burning lyre.

THE OLD ALBUM.

I've drawn thee from thy hiding-place,
Relic of by-gone days,
Again thy gilded leaves to trace,
Thy well-known garb to praise ;
To bring thee to the glaring light,
From out thy silent nook ; —
Come, tell old tales of moments bright,
Thou long-neglected book !

How well I know thy crimson coat,
So garnished o'er with gold!
And half with sorrow, half with smiles,
The tarnished robe behold.
And fondly I recall the hour,
When first I saw thee lie
Affection's gift, all glossy bright,
Beneath my 'raptured eye.

And first, the faded lines I trace,
Penned by a gentle hand;
They bring to me the fairest face
That graced a youthful band.
Sweet play-mate of my earlier years —
Companion of the past!
Thou hast forgot thy life of tears,
In happier realms at last!

Again I turn the rustling leaf:
Who comes before me now,
With the light heart that mocked at grief —
The fair, unclouded brow;

The eye that flashed with Passion's ray,
Unalterably bright? —
How changed! — long years have stolen away
That wild, fantastic light.

Ha! my gay cousin! — thou whose mirth
Was never on the wane!
I read thy sonnet, till I deem
Thou'rt by my side again,
With thy wild laughter ringing free,
Thy sly and merry air!
That time is gone; thy manly brow
A graver look doth wear.

What fairy fingers held the pen
That traced this dainty page?
It bears the date of other years,
And seems quite pale with age.
Ah! I remember me of one
Just then become a bride;
She smiles a careful matron now,
With prattlers at her side.

And here is writ a blithesome song,
And here a tender lay;
This page is sad enough, I ween,
And this one passing gay.
And here a youthful poet's hand
Placed the sweet rhymes he wove;
The truant! — in a foreign land
He sought another love.

Thou mak'st me sad, thou gilded toy!
And as I gaze on thee,
I think how time and change have thrown
Their shadows over me:
The flush of youth has vanished now,
Friends severed far and wide;
In curls that wave on many a brow,
Time's silvery foot-marks hide.

Go back then to thy silent nook,
Memento of the past!
Thou tell'st a tale, my much-loved book,
Of years that flew too fast;

And read'st a lesson to my heart,
Perused full oft before:
That hopes must fade, and friends must part,
Till Life's dark day is o'er.

MARCH.

Thou art a rude and noisy wight,
  Though thou bear'st the name of spring;
And the wintery winds with their chilling blight,
That we thought were gone to the realms of night,
  Come back on thy restless wing.

We look in vain for the gentle flowers,
  That blush with the spring-time gay;
They wait till soft April's dewy showers
Shall waken the leaves, and the woodland bowers
  Are decked in their green array.

The birds still wander in southern lands,
Afar from the clime they left;
And the streams still sleep in their icy bands,
And the giant oak of the forest, stands
Of his emerald robe bereft.

The clouds are dark on thy frowning skies,
Like the leaden pall of night;
And they wave like massive draperies,
Till a flush of sunset's crimson dyes
Hath turned them to banners bright.

Oh! why should'st thou bear the name of Spring,
Thou month of cold and gloom?
Her gentle treasures thou can'st not bring,
For in greener bowers the wild birds sing,
And the flowers forget to bloom.

The city belle, with a pensive sigh,
Deplores thy rigorous sway;
The winter's garb she would fain lay by,
And robed like the light-winged butterfly,
Come forth with the insects gay.

And the cottage girl hath her 'kerchief blue,
And ribbon of pearly white,
And she looks full oft at their spotless hue,
And asks, " will the sunbeams ne'er peep through,
And the skies again look bright?"

Oh! why should'st thou bear a gentle name,
Thou month so drear and chill?
We hear thy blast through the forest ring,
And ask in vain for the meek-eyed Spring,
For Winter is with us still.

THE FROZEN STREAM.

Chained with strong fetters, fair and restless stream,
Thine onward course, thou rover, harshly stayed,
No more by mossy bank or sylvan glade,
Goest thou rejoicing — and the solar beam
That erst threw glittering gems upon thy breast,
No longer owns a power to set thee free :
Fain would the golden rays disturb thy rest,
But faint and trembling, fail to succor thee.
A mighty arm forbids thy further flow,
And seals with icy band each sparkling wave —
Lays bare the verdant bank thou lov'st to lave,
And stills thy babbling tongue ; nor shalt thou know,
Sweet captive, aught of liberty again,
Till Spring, with gentle hand, unbinds the chilling chain.

A WHISPER FROM FAIRY LAND.

Alas! alas! for the fairy folk,
Who, under the boughs of the elm or oak,
Danced in the moon-beams till morning broke.
They made their homes in our brightest bowers,
They revelled at night 'neath our favourite tree,
They slept 'mid the leaves of our fairest flowers,
And woke the still air with their fairy glee:
The rose was the throne of the elfish queen,
With a royal flush of crimson dye;
And her couch was the lily's cup I ween,
Where she slept till the stars came out on high,

And one reposed on the violet's lip,
Where the earliest dew-drops all sparkling lay;
Oh! sweet were the honied gems to sip,
As a nectar draught to that dancing fay.
Alas! alas! for the fairy folk —
As thus I sighed, on the still air broke
A silvery voice, and this answer spoke:

"Sad indeed the fatal hour
Fairies fled from earthly bower,
When no more in magic ring,
They could dance, and laugh, and sing,
Tripping through each haunted grove,
While the Moon was bright above,
And amid their gentle mirth,
Flinging fairy gifts o'er earth.

"First they threw the dew-drops sweet,
Where the vales were parched with heat;
And the cotter woke at morn,
Glad to find the springing corn.
Where the busy wheel was still,
There they led the laughing rill;

And at morning's earliest beam,
Joyed the miller o'er the stream,
Deeming 'twas the summer rain
Thus had filled his pools again.
Where the tidy housewife's care,
Would the early meal prepare—
Hands unseen at midnight drear,
Spread the board with dainty cheer,
Woke the maids at peep of day,
With a fairy roundelay;
And a thousand favors then
Lavishly bestowed on men.

"Thus we lived — the summer day
Wore all peacefully away,
As we slumbered in the cell
Of the fragrant lily's bell,
'Till the purple twilight fell
Soft on meadow, grove, and dell,
And our queen's attendant train,
Called us to our tasks again.

"All the balmy summer through,
Thus we lived, a merry crew,

Gay and lightsome, 'till a foe,
Came to work us fear and woe.
Hideous was the monster grim,
Strange alike in face and limb ;
Wheresoe'er he chanced to roam,
There did wonderous changes come.
Hard it were for me to tell
All the harm which then befell,
As before his giant sway
Fled the frightened elves away.
Soon our magic ring gave place
To the courser's flying race ;
Swiftly through the land there came
Steedless chariots urged by flame,
Hissing with such horrid tone
As they rushed all madly on,
That the fays in great affright
Feared to tempt the summer night.

" Soon the groves were borne to earth,
Once resounding with our mirth ;
Nature's children, faint at heart,
Fled before the steps of Art.

Where the mineral waters bright
Sparkle in the morning light,
Cure for every fairy's ill,
Bathing in the healing rill,
Whiskered dandy, perfumed belle,
Came to break the holy spell:
Once by mortal taste defiled,
Lost the charm for elfland child;
And where bright those waters play,
Never more their steps may stray.

"Sad the change — ungrateful man,
Then to doubt our power began;
Wickedly proclaimed, that we
Lived alone in phantasie;
Scorned our gifts with skeptic word,
Left our warnings all unheard,
And with impious jeer and jest,
Other sway than our's confessed.

"What then could the fairies do?
Far away from earth we flew,
At our gracious queen's command,
Back again to fairy land:

Nor shall mortal ever see
Aught of elfish revelry.
Changed is now each haunted spot,
And the elves are half forgot,
Only sung in legends wild,
To the gay and wondering child ;
Or remembered, it may be,
Lady fair, by such as thee."

EARLY DAYS.

Do you remember, Mary,
All our happy childish days?
When our hearts were light and airy,
And with footsteps like a fays
We bounded o'er the meadow,
Or adown the wooded lane,
And plucked each summer blossom,
And mocked the wild bird's strain?
When in that old fashioned garden
We built our grotto fair,
With the shells that were so lovely,
We were loth to leave them there? —

When we planted by the willow
The hyacinth so blue,
And early left our pillow
To watch how fast it grew?
Do you remember, Mary,
Those happy, happy days;
When our hearts were light and airy,
And our footsteps like a fays?

Do you remember ever
Our happy girlhood hours,
When we wandered by the river,
Or amid the forest bowers?
When we had so many secrets
That were *never to be told*,
And we thought them quite as weighty
As a miser's bag of gold?
When we conned our lessons over
By the old laburnum tree,
With sweet summer sounds to lure us
In the voice of bird and bee?

And our games upon the hill-side,
On the green, or by the swing,
With Antoinette and Amy,
Who were foremost in the ring ?
Or our quarrel in the greenwood,
Underneath the spreading vine,
Because a school-boy lover
Preferred your eyes to mine ?—
Do you remember, Mary,
All those happy girlhood hours,
When our hearts were light and airy,
And we trod a path of flowers ? —
A path of thornless flowers,
Beneath a smiling sky,
Nor dreamed in such fair bowers
That care could ever lie.

And I hope you've not forgotten
Our first and famous ball,
When we tripped it gay and lightly
Through that antiquated hall ;

When our mothers sat beside us,
With a mother's partial eye,
And thought *their* girls the fairest,
Though a thousand sylphs were by;
And we deemed that scene of pleasure,
Was *just what life would be*, —
We have learned a harsher measure,
And turned to grief from glee.
We have known the heart's deep sorrow,
Since those happy days were past;
We have seen each coming morrow
Look darker than the last;
We have wept in bitter anguish,
And felt how sharp the sting,
When some fair, but fragile blossom,
In our arms lay withering:
But we've garnered hopes immortal,
That we knew not of before,
And yet have hours of gladness,
Though our girlhood days are o'er.

THANKS FOR A BOQUET.

TO S. R.

Thanks for thy gift, my gentle friend,
Thy lovely gift of blushing flowers;
Methinks a voice amid them, tells
Of smiling skies, and sunny hours;
Thy treasured offering's sweet perfume,
Bears me in fancy far away
To gardens redolent of bloom,
And all the charms of summer day:
The zephyr breaths to fan my brow,
That come but with my fancy now.

But not alone of smiling skies,
Or zephyr's fragrant breath they tell;
A tone they have, which more I prize
Than painted leaf, or perfumed belle;
They whisper me, these blushing flowers,
That Friendship culled the fresh boquet,
To cheer the sick one's languid hours,
And cheat the weary time away.
They whisper, kindness, sympathy,
Have yet a home, dear friend, with thee.

Ah! well I love their pleasant tones,
Perchance unheard by other ears;
But to my listening heart they speak,
My heart their silent language hears.
Then let me thank thee for thy gift,
Thy blooming gift of fragrant flowers;
They come like angel visitants,
To cheer my sick one's languid hours,
And on each leaf can fancy frame
The letters of thy gentle name.

THE FIRST SNOW.

Thy mantle white is on the senseless earth,
Spirit of Winter — old Eolus rude
Pipes from his northern home in fiercest mood ;
And o'er the crisped wreaths, with shouts of mirth,
And chiming bells, and laughter ringing free,
Glides the swift sleigh ; while merry urchins play,
Tossing the frozen balls in heart-felt glee,
Or forming uncouth shapes of monsters grim,
To melt like youthful hopes, when next the ray
Of noontide streams on each misshapen limb.
The naked branches wear a spotless vest —
While through the window infant faces peep,
Lured from their downy beds and early sleep,
Wondering to mark the earth in wintry garments drest.

TO ——

We learned to love in life's gay spring,
When radiant sunshine lit our way;
When Hope, like bird upon the wing,
Soared up, and on, throughout the day;
When earth was bright as earth *could* be,
And nought might dim our constancy.

And now life's fragrant summer-time
Upon our path its light hath poured;
But Hope forgets her airy clime,
Nor soars so high as once she soared:
Yet beat our hearts, as warm, as true,
As when the merry springtide flew.

But shall we love when falling leaves
The autumn of our lives disclose ?
When Time his silver frost-work weaves,
O'er tress of gold, and cheek of rose ?
When eyes grow dim, and sadly say,
How all things fair must pass away ?

Shall we love on through wintry hours,
Our pleasant journey nearly done ?
When failing limbs, and weakened powers,
Proclaim how near our set of sun ?
When youth's gay visions all are o'er,
And come to light our steps no more ?

Oh ! doubt it not — Time cannot chill
The passion of our youthful hearts, —
A holy flame, 'twill brighten still,
Its living radiance ne'er departs ;
I feel, I know, its power must last
'Till even life itself be past.

Oh! doubt it not — like some fair tide
That sparkles in the morning light,
Yet keeps its course, as deep, as wide,
Though dark may prove the coming night, —
So shall the love that blest our prime,
Flow on, through every change of time.

TO THE MOON.

Fair mistress Moon, that up on high
With many a brilliant star,
Goes sailing through the midnight sky —
Pray tell me what you are?
I long to have a nearer view,
To scan thy beauties through and through.

I see a face in thee, sweet Moon, —
Art thou a curious elf,
Who look'st to find upon our earth
Some fair one like thyself?
Or hast thou but a wish to see
What passes in society?

And prithee, lady pure and bright,
What doth thy piercing eye
Discover, by the witching light
Thy gentle beams supply?
Pray tell me, mild and beauteous one,
What hath it ever gazed upon?

No answer? —art thou speechless then?
Upon this earth thou'lt find,
Fair lady Moon, that silence is
No fault of woman-kind:
We've tongues, and we can use them too,
As I shall plainly prove to you.

Strange thoughts come o'er me when I think
Of all thou'st witnessed here;
The thousand, thousand years thou'st rolled,
Unwearied in thy sphere;
Surely thou art a wonderous creature,
Not to grow old in form or feature.

Thou wer'st the same soft silvery hue,
When first thy beams were given
To bless a sinless world, and night
Curtained the new-made heaven;
When mother Eve looked up and praised
Thy light to Adam as she gazed.

And since that time, what mighty change
Thy watching eye hath seen;
And yet, thou'rt ever moving on
With the same quiet mien.
Does not thy knowledge turn thy brain?
'Tis sometimes so, when wit *we* gain.

And thou art worshipped here by all —
All hail thee with delight;
And who, for half the glare of day,
Would give thy blessed light?
Nature looks fairer, and thy sway
Old ocean owns, the wise ones say.

The lover, when thine orb is full,
In many a lady's bower,
Will tell a tale in burning words,
Of Love's subduing power;
And swear by thy soft beams, to be
A pattern of fidelity.

And many a poet like myself,
Will woo thee in his song,
And sing perhaps more pleasantly,
Nor keep thee half so long:
But lady Moon — so mild and dear,
I have a secret for thine ear.

Don't whisper it to idle airs,
Lest they should waft it on;
But, *there is somebody I love*,
From thy poor votary gone:
I'm sure that if he gaze on thee,
His thought is fixed the while, on me.

He's gone across the deep blue sea
For months, perhaps for years;
I try to smile, but often, Moon,
I cannot hide my tears:
We loved as playmates — was it strange
Time our affection could not change?

And when he asked my beating heart,
In tones so sweet and low,
And told me, we so soon must part,
I *could not* answer "No."
Did'st mark the hour? — I know thine eye
Was peeping from thy home on high.

And can'st thou, on thy silver beams,
Kind messages convey?
Then tell him I am all his own,
Although so far away;
And say, beneath thy gentle light,
My dreams will be of him to-night.

THE MAIDEN TO HER MIRROR.

Thou tellest a pleasant tale to me —
Thou sayest my form is fair,
And over a brow of spotless white
Is braided my silken hair : —
That mine eye is bright, as the stars that lie
Far off in their depths of blue ;
That my cheek hath stolen the rose's dye,
And my lip the ruby's hue.

And thou wert the first, long years ago,
In my childhood's laughing hour,
To whisper a thought of beauty bright,
Though I guessed not of its power:
But one hath knelt at that beauty's shrine,
And proffered a noble heart;
And the word is spoken in holy faith,
From which we may never part.

And to-morrow — then kind hands will deck
My form for the altar's side;
And with murmured wishes of health and joy,
They will hail me, a happy bride.
Wilt thou give me back as bright a cheek
As leans to thy surface now?
Will thy shining bosom, old mirror, speak
Of a pale but lovely brow?

Wilt thou say beneath my bridal veil,
Half hid by their swelling tears,
Mine eyes beam forth with the liquid light
Of my girlhood's happy years?

It will be our parting, oh, mirror bright!
Our last fond parting then;
And as years roll o'er us, it yet may be
We shall never meet again.

For my home, it must now be far away
O'er the waves of the bright blue sea;
But oh! will the vales of that verdant land
E'er seem as my own to me?
The love of a trusting heart I know
Can make each spot seem fair;
But shall I not sigh for the loving smiles,
And the sweet home-voices there?

My mother's eye, will it come to bless
Her child with its tender gleams?
Shall I yearn for my sister's gentle words,
Yet hear them alone in dreams?
Shall my father's blessing, my brother's tone,
No longer greet mine ear?
And is love so deep in my heart for *him*,
I can part with the loved ones here?

Yet oft will they come to my chamber lone,
And gaze on thy glossy face;
Would I might stamp upon thee, old friend,
The features they love to trace:
But not forgotten, though all unseen,
Will the parted dear one be;
I shall dwell in faithful hearts, I ween,
Oh mirror! if not in thee.

CONSTANCY.

It is like love—Oh! love should be
An ever changing thing:
The love that *I* could worship, must
Be ever on the wing.

L. E. L.

Not so for me — I could not brook
A love that changed with every wind:
A colder tone, a calmer look,
A passion less refined;
Though deep might flow the blessed tide,
I would not that its waves aside
Should turn a moment, though I knew
Again they'd seek the channel true.

I could not bear an altered eye,
I could not list a careless lay —
A thoughtless tone, whose vague reply
Told the heart far away:
I would not other lips should praise, —
I would not other eyes should gaze, —
If one, and only one alone,
Felt the deep love that matched my own.

I would be prized all else above,
Valued as some peculiar star;
Worshipped, as if no other gem
Lit the blue arch afar.
Mine, the heart's deep devotion be,
Unchanging, half idolatry;
The polar beam, whose light divine
Nor sets, nor fades, — such love be mine.

1839.

TO ANNIE.

A VALENTINE.

Chilled by winter's frosts and snows,
Where hath fled the summer rose?
Hath it lost its flush of pride?
Are its red leaves scattered wide?
No — its beauties would you seek,
Lo, they bloom on Annie's cheek.

What hath hid the gentle star
In its azure home afar?
Have the clouds with envious blight,
Curtained all its pearly light?
Look not for the star on high —
See, it beams in Annie's eye.

Summer sunbeams, where are ye?
Bring once more your joys to me:
Must we sigh, alas! in vain,
For your ardent glance again?
Ask not summer suns the while,
If ye bask in Annie's smile.

Who so true, so fair as she?
Whom adored so faithfully?
Airy shape, and faultless feature,
Rivaling every mortal creature—
Tell me, what can most beguile?
Annie's cheek, and eye, and smile.

WINTER.

"I deem thee not unlovely, though thou com'st
With a stern visage."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I love thee, Winter, though thy name
Comes harshly on the ear,
And foes have called thy frosty face
The saddest of the year:
They say thy tears in hailstones fall —
That bitter blasts are in thy call —
That all things shudder, when thy cry
In the wild tempest rushes by.

Well, though thy face may wear a frown,
It is not always so ;
And though thou send'st in plenty down,
On barren heath or peopled town,
The pale unsullied snow —
Full many a pleasure does it bring,
Upon its silent flakey wing :
The merry hills ring out amain,
When it lies thick on hill and plain.

Thou fling'st thy jewels on the bough
Of every naked tree,
And hang'st thy pendant diamonds, where
The poorest hind may see ;
And oft thou giv'st us skies as fair
As gentle Spring is wont to wear;
While pleasantly the soft winds play
Through all the clear and balmy day.

The Christmas faggot blazing high —
The games of wonderous skill —
And oft the dismal legend told,
Of nightly ghost or robber bold,
To make young bosoms thrill ; —

The gambols in the new fall'n snow —
The white balls tossing to and fro, —
These prove thou hast *some* joys to bless,
Though thou art famed for dreariness.

Then let the roses cease to bloom
Beside my cottage door;
And wild birds seek a greener home
Upon some distant shore; —
The rose of love still blooms for me,
With all its wonted fragrancy;
And fond affection hath a tone,
The greenwood songsters ne'er have known.

The summer's flush, its glowing breath,
Its breezes, fruits, and flowers,
Have charms for all — but still I prize
The dark and wintry hours:
Storms may be thine, and cold, and snow,
And keen the whist'ling winds may blow;
And yet, though wanting many a grace,
Winter, I love thy rugged face.

THE LOVE LETTER.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

Lady, in thy summer bower,
Sure, enchantment rules the hour!
All around thee seems so bright
With the sunbeam's mellowed light,
Through the twisted branches streaming —
On each leaf and floweret gleaming —
Resting on thy dark brown hair,
In a crown a queen might wear;
And a robe of golden light
Flinging o'er thy shoulder white.

Pleasant breezes fan thy cheek,
Blushing flowers thy care bespeak;
Birds upon the branching tree
Warble forth their melody;
And the hum-bird glances by,
With the gauze-winged butterfly,
Tossing in the summer air,
As bright gems were floating there.
All is lovely, fair, and free —
Nature's banquet spread for thee.

Vain each charm that haunts thy bower:
They have lost their wonted power;
Flowers may blossom, birds may sing,
Zephyrs roam on fragrant wing,
Insects hum, and sunbeams fall,
Thou art heedless of them all.
What to thee the azure sky?
What the song-bird's minstrelsy?
What the flush of summer day?
Thou, in thought, art far away,
Roving with thy distant lover,
Other climes and countries over.

On the written page thine eye
Resteth now most earnestly,
As its burning words reveal
Love, nor time nor change may steal —
Love in every line confessed;
Gentle maiden thou art blessed!
Bird, and flower, and sunny gleam,
Cannot lure thee from thy dream.

A SIGH FOR THE PAST.

"Alas! for the sordid propensities of modern days, when everything is coined into gold, and this once holiday planet of ours, is turned into a mere working-day world."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Oh! for the days of chivalry,
For a knight of heroic deed,
With a glittering helmet on his head,
And a fiery, prancing steed.
I'm tired of beaux with beaver hats,
And coats of black or blue —
Oh! for the days of old romance,
And their mail-clad heroes too.

It must have been a pleasant thing
To dwell in a castle high,
With a draw-bridge o'er a deep dark moat,
And turrets against the sky;
To have a warder on the wall,
And a banner waving free,
And a lover who came from the Holy-land,
And wooed upon bended knee.

I wish I had lived in those glorious days,
Some centuries ago,
With good broad lands and plenty of gold,
And a will of my own, I trow;
A tapestried chamber with secret doors,
And galleries lone and long;
Such as I've read of a thousand times,
In volumes of tale and song.

I'd have braided the locks of my raven hair,
And woven each shining tress
With the richest gems of the earth and sea,
To add to my loveliness.

And over embroidery rich and rare,
Have bent through the livelong day,
And a little maiden at my feet,
With a lute and a pleasant lay.

And I would have graced the tournament
Where knights were in the list,
Or swept along with a merry train,
And a falcon on my wrist:
I'd have had a milk-white palfrey too,
And a page in green and gold;
And tales of love should have lulled mine ear,
By a wandering harper told.

I'm weary of all the things I see,
Of steeples and chimnies high;
Of houses standing in long straight rows,
With carriages rolling by;
I hate a modern residence,
Fine sofas and Brusseled floors,
And a chandelier from the ceiling hung,
Or a mansion with folding doors.

And I must dress quite a-la-mode,
From bonnet to silken hose,
And follow the fashions of foolish France,
For a reason nobody knows:
I have to walk with outrageous men,
Who I'm sure I could never love,
With monstrous whiskers, and little canes,
And hand in a hosskin glove.

Oh! for the golden days gone by,
The days of old romance,
When there were knights in armor clad,
With shield, and spear, and lance;
When to noble dames and ladies fair,
They bent the willing knee: —
Would I had lived in those glorious times,
For they were the days for me!

SERENADE.

List while I sing to thee,
Fairest and best;
Chase thy sweet slumbers,
Awake from thy rest —
Hear the soft melodies
Floating afar,
Breathed from the strings
Of my tuneful guitar.

Steal from thy pillow,
The casement unclose ;
Lift the light curtain
That veils thy repose —
Softly the moonbeam
Its mantle will throw,
O'er thy fair tresses
And ivory brow.

Part but one bud
From the jessamine spray,
Press to thy bosom,
Then toss it away —
Swift through the lattice
Kind zephyr will bring
Love's fairy token,
To bless while I sing.

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